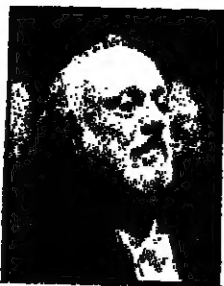


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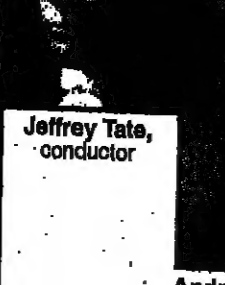
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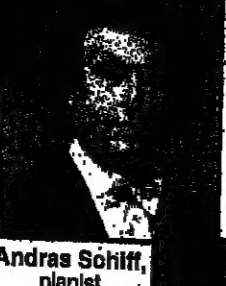
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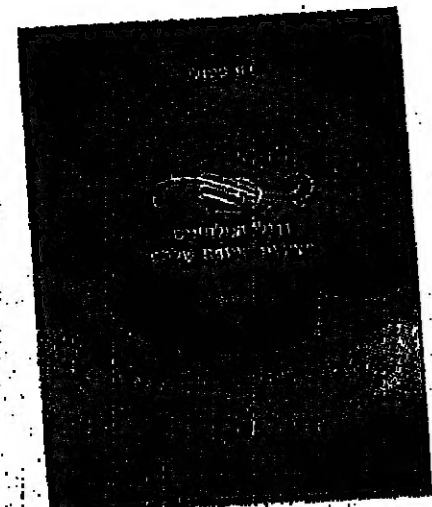
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The Israel Philharmonic - continues

June 30, 1995

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE



THE COMPETITION

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

JUNE 30, 1995
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Editor: FAYE BITTKER
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All correspondence must include a street address. The Magazine is not responsible for any unsolicited material submitted. No material will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

GERMANS SHOULD HELP
I read the article about Prina Modlin ("Orphan of a Storm," May 19) and I have one question: Why doesn't the Federal Government of Germany pay for her search? There should be a special fund for this heartbreaking and wrenching search. After all, who killed Modlin's parents, Rywka and Aszer Mezozev? People like Modlin should be entitled to reparations for this purpose. She should have at her disposal all the technical support which she needs. Let a special German office be created to assist in tracking down all these leads. Clearly it is an expensive and daunting task but the Germans have the technology and the know-how.
Annette B. Flax
Jerusalem

LITVAK FOLLOW-UP
Please allow me to rectify a number of factual errors in Cecil Bloom's review of *The Jews of Lithuania* ("Litvak Roots," May 12). Bloom's assertion that "100,000 Jews perished in the Vilna Ghetto," is wrong. There were never 100,000 Jews in the Vilna Ghetto. When first established on September 6, 1941, the population of both ghettos (the "large" and the "small") was 41,000. At the time of its liquidation on September 23-24, 1943, following earlier deportations to Estonia and Latvia, and killings in Ponar, the figure had been reduced to 12,000. Bloom comments that I have dealt "sparsely" with the period he describes as "the great days of Lithuanian Jewry" - the second half of the 19th century. However, a cursory glance of the material will show that more than a quarter of the book - 104 pages to be exact - is devoted to this period. Bloom should realize that *The Jews of Lithuania* is the first attempt of its kind in English to condense seven centuries of this remarkable community into one volume. While this approach has obvious benefits it also means that certain

subjects were not treated with the sort of depth I would have liked to have given them.
Masha Greenbaum
Jerusalem

NOT GUILTY
You recently carried a book review by Geoffrey Wigoder of the recently published *The Jews in the History of England 1485-1850* by David S. Katz, ("Crown Jews," April 28). Wigoder refers to the notorious affair of the execution in London in 1594 of Dr. Rodrigo Lopez, who was charged with plotting to poison his patient, Queen Elizabeth I. It would appear that Katz believes that Lopez may have been guilty, but in fact considerable scholarly research has shown that the charge against Lopez was a trumped-up one instigated by his arch-enemy, the Earl of Essex.

I have recently published a study of the Lopez affair in the *Journal of Medical Biography* (1995, Vol. 3, pp. 114-118). In this study I have shown that although Lopez may have been involved in some of the intrigue going on at that time, he was loyal to the queen, who held him in the greatest esteem. His trial and execution was a gross miscarriage of justice. The Lopez affair created antisemitic feeling in England and it is very likely that this encouraged William Shakespeare to write *The Merchant of Venice* in 1596, two years after Lopez's execution. Shakespeare, however, based his play on a 14th-century tale told by Giovanni Fiorentino and did not use Rodrigo Lopez as the model for Shylock. Dr. Alex Sakula, Former president, History of Medicine Royal Society of Medicine London

TRIBAL MERGER
I enjoyed reading Nelly C. Gross's story about the American woman who married an Israeli ("Out There," June 9). The article reminded me of my wedding

seven years ago.

I hail from a medium-sized town in the Canadian provinces. None of my siblings married Jews, and my (first) fiancé was a non-Jewish professional athlete. But we broke up. Instead I met an Israeli man who was studying in Canada; we married in Jerusalem. He is a part-Yemenite, part-Iraqi computer programmer.

My entire family flew in for my wedding, which was really strange but somehow special. My family, cut off from its Jewish heritage for at least two generations, suddenly confronted it at my wedding. It left a lasting impression. One sister-in-law of mine is studying for conversion and my parents, who visit us annually, consider dinner with my in-law clan (11 kids) the highlight of their trip. Not all "mixed marriages" work, but when they do, it is really - as Ms. Gross writes - a tribal merger.
Kara Bet-Ami
Jerusalem

EARLY FALLEN

The article "Roll Call for the Fallen" (June 9) carries the subheading "Jewish-American soldiers have died for their flag since the Civil War..." The toll began not with the Civil War but with the Revolutionary War. In 1776, at the start of the battle for independence, Francis Salvador, a young London-born Sephardi Jew who had settled in South Carolina, fell while leading the South Carolina Militia into action.
P.J. Berlyn
Karkur

ONE IN A MILLION

Sam Orbaum's column "Forgotten Moments in Jewish History" (June 9) was marvelous. His creativity and imagination are truly unique. I've been clipping his articles, replicating and sharing them with friends in the US. His articles are a respite from the endless miserable news about Israel in the local and international press. Too bad they don't appear weekly.
Perry Haber
Tel Aviv

the israel museum, jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

The Jews of India



Focus on the lives of the three Jewish communities of India, including the interior of a 16th-18th century Cochin synagogue.

Rita and Arturo Schwarz Collection of Israeli Art
Over 200 works by 30 artists, purchased especially for the Museum's 30th anniversary.

SOCCO: Thirty New Exhibits
Thirty first-time exhibits from the Museum's various departments for the 30th anniversary.

Martin Szekely, French Designer
Designs, photos and drawings by one of the most lauded contemporary designers.

New Acquisitions in Contemporary Art
Major works by Bill Viola, Hans Haacke, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein and others in honor of the Museum's 30th anniversary.

Genta Berger from July 6
A selection of gouache stage designs and costume sketches for Israeli theaters.

Samaritan Mosaic Floor
4th century CE, discovered in El Khirbe.

New Acquisitions in the Department of Prints and Drawings, 1993-94

Petra in the News
Objects and coins testifying to Petra's prosperity.

Isle of Art
Island metalwork - 13-15 cent. and illustrations of the Shahnameh, Iran and India, 14-19 cent.

My Way - Tim Gidal, Photographer
Works of the pioneer photographer who helped change the face of modern photo-journalism from the 1920s on.

Heroes: Past and Present
The image and place in our lives of a hero, with activities in the Ruth Youth Wing.

The Crucified Man from Glyk Hamlet
A crucified man from the Roman era, together with a replica of his heel bones placed by an iron nail. At the Rockefeller Museum.

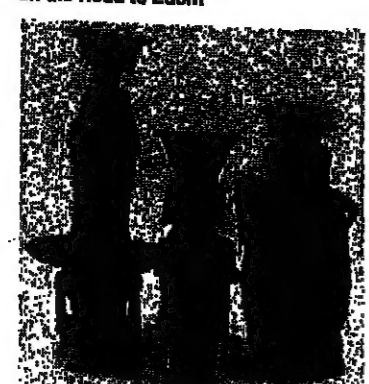
TICHO HOUSE

Anna Ticho - Judean Hills, 1970s
Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 10-5; Tue, 10-10; Fri, 10-2

Story-telling Theater. Ages 4-8. Sun, 4:30 p.m. Library: Sun-Thur, 10-6; Fri, 10-12.

Coffee Shop: Sun-Thur, 10 a.m. to midnight; Fri, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.; Sat, night, till midnight.

On the Road to Edom



Discoveries from a 7th-8th century BCE Edomite shrine at Ein Hatzeva. Guided tours in English: Mon. and Wed. at 12:30.

YOUTH WING

Tue, July 4: 4:30 p.m. - Story Hour with Michel Kerrer.

5:30 p.m. Heroes, Inc. Show in the exhibition with Rina Padua and musical accompaniment.

Library and Feinstein Recycling Room: Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 2-5 p.m.; Tue, 4-7 p.m.

Story Hours: ages 4-7 Tue, 4:30 (Heb.); Wed, 4 p.m. (Eng.)

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS

CONCERTS: Performance by Immigrant musicians.

Fri, June 30, 11 a.m., Ticho House. Yuri Glukhovskiy - violin; Alexander Shleifman - cello; Gabriela Talroze - piano; Franck, Debussy and Ravel.

Blue Moon - Style, Rhythm and Summer. Live music from the 60s under the stars with the Standards Orchestra. Sat, July 1, 8 p.m., Patio.

The Whiffenpoofs. The 14-member male choir from Yale University. Sun, July 2, 9 p.m., Auditorium.

The Princeton Tigertones. The 16-member male choir from Princeton University. Mon, July 3, 9 p.m., Auditorium.

LECTURE: Sacred Architecture in Ancient India by Prof. David Shulman, Hebrew University. Tue, July 4, 8 p.m., Auditorium (in Hebrew).

GALLERY TALK: Martin Szekely, French Designer by Nirith Nelson. Tue, July 4, 7 p.m. (in Hebrew).

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH

Meet at Main Building Information Desk for Museum Highlights: Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.

Fri, 11 a.m., Tue, 4:30 p.m.

Archaeological Galleries: Mon, Thur, 2 p.m.

Judaica & Ethnography: Sun, Wed, 2 p.m.

Shrine of the Book: At Shrine entrance Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 1:30 p.m.; Tue, 3 p.m.; Fri, 12:45 p.m.

Meet at Entrance Pavilion Information Desk for tours in German Sun, 2 p.m. French Sun, 11 a.m.

Rockefeller Museum: Sun, 11 a.m.

VISITING HOURS

Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Tue, 4 p.m.-10 p.m.

Shrine of the Book also open Tue, 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Fri, 10 a.m.-2 p.m., Sat, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Information: 708811.

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OUT THERE

By Matt Nesvisky

The scheduled article, which was already composed in my head, contained nothing less than the solution to the Golan Heights problem, a one-step program for the eradication of Hamas, the resolution of the land-expropriation question, the answer to the water shortage, a blueprint for reconciling secular and religious Jews, a simultaneous cure for inflation and unemployment, a system of reversing the aging process, a means of turning lead into gold, a method of eliminating

As always, my first step is to reach over to the night table and get

Now in order to look for my runaway lens, I switched on the bedside lamp. The bulb blew. Bad news. Now I had to get a new bulb, but no problem, as I always keep a lot of light bulbs in the house. Okay, so with monocular

most peculiar wattage: 500, 350, 7 1/2. Bad? No, a conspiracy. By

promptly snapped in half. Giggles. Struck two. Struck three and

1/3 1/3 1/3 1/3 1/3 1/3 1/3

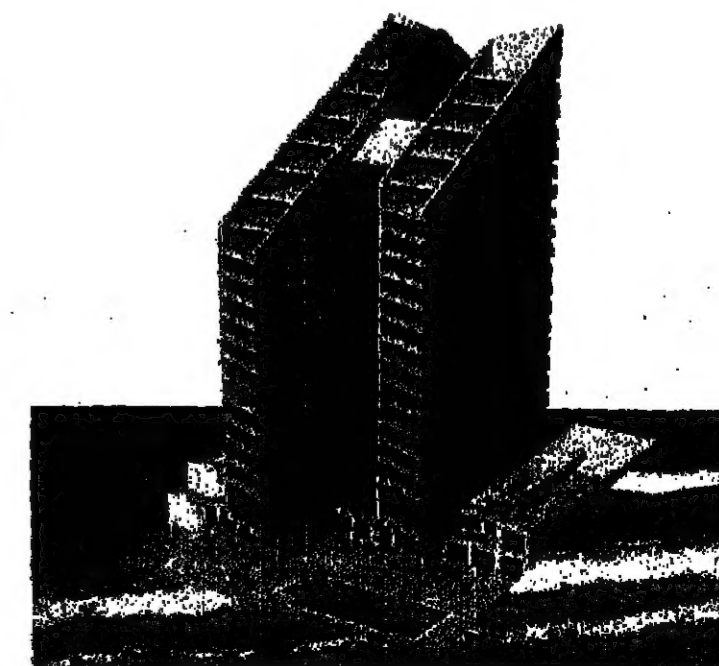
is D: a whole lot of fill-in-the-blank. A kid might say, for instance, "Ugh, I've got yamabah homework to do this weekend!" But, of course, that would be inappropriate since school's out. So instead he could say, "I am going to spend yamabah time this summer reading up for next year's classes!" but that would be, of course, unimaginable!

4 THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE



The new high quality apartment hotel on the Herzliyah seashore

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She knows all you wanted to know about sex, but were afraid to ask

By Carl Schrag

Shlomit Sossover's true love is the Bible, and she does everything possible to make it come alive for the students at the Beit Hinuch High School in Jerusalem where she teaches.

"Bible is a whole world," she says with unbridled enthusiasm. "It's history, literature, romance, archeology, life, reality, imagination. It's our roots. It's Judaism."

Oddly enough though, her students seem to get more jazzed by her other field of instruction.

In addition to her regular duties teaching Bible, Sossover, 32, also teaches sex education, and her students really seem to perk up when class time begins.

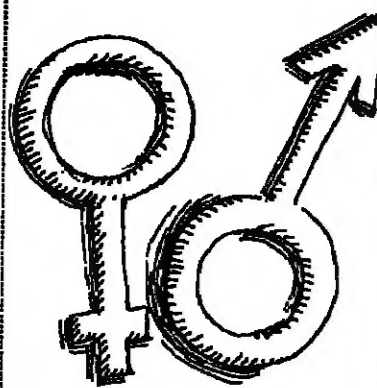
Regardless of how much life she injects into the romantic tales of the Bible, her 11th graders get much more excited at the mention of romance in their own lives.

She understands them.

"Everything that has to do with sexuality and relationships has always attracted me," she says. She nods in agreement when I interject

that most people could say the same thing. But her interest goes beyond that of the masses.

"Men and women are from totally different planets," she says. "It's no wonder they do not understand each other. It's no



one's fault; it's just the way they're built."

Sossover says you don't have to be a sexologist to figure that out. She's not, and won't be. Despite her interest in the subject, she knows she'll never complete all of the clinical psychology studies needed to get a license. But that doesn't stop her from keeping up

on the literature and drawing her own conclusions.

"If men and women were more aware of their differences, they would be better able to deal with problems," she says. The schools should be a forum for conveying such crucial information.

After all, Sossover reasons, having a good relationship with your spouse is at least as important as knowing calculus or geography. It deserves to be an integral part of the school curriculum, but she maintains that it gets short shrift.

"Sex education isn't just [about] intercourse and condoms," she says. "It's a whole world that includes family life, relationships, the differences between males and females, rape, sexual exploitation, homosexuality, abortions, contraceptives, AIDS, other sexually transmitted diseases, love, separation, and so much more."

SHE GOT her start in the field a few years ago through a course preparing people to teach sex education. Then she heard about Shilo, a Jerusalem birth-control counseling service.

"Shilo was looking for volunteers to take a six-month training course and then to work as volunteer counselors," Sossover recounts. "I thought that if I could help prevent unwanted pregnancies, diseases and crises, then it would be time well spent."

Since completing that course, she has been volunteering at Shilo, and she has also taken responsibility for basic sex education at the high school where she teaches. That entails entering each class once and giving a cursory overview.

Homeroom teachers are supposed to deal with the subject throughout the year, Sossover says, but many teachers don't feel comfortable with the material.

"A history or math teacher may pee in his pants if he has to talk about orgasms," she says. Rather than embarrass themselves in front of a roomful of teenagers, they prefer to ignore the subject altogether.

"Every time I say sex education should be taught once a week for a few years, people raise an eyebrow and ask, 'What can you teach about sex ed?'" Sossover says.

Her reply is always ready. "Sex ed is our world, our future, our beginning. It is everything about partnership and relations between the sexes."

In her work at Shilo, Sossover says the key lies in helping clients reach the best conclusions on their own. If a girl or a woman



Shlomit Sossover: 'The damage to a teenager who has sex before she is ready is great.'

is found to be pregnant, no counselor will tell her what to do. Rather, the counselors explain the options and offer encouragement as the woman, or the couple, make choices.

Whenever she deals with an unwanted pregnancy, Sossover stresses contraception. Even if she helps arrange an abortion, she won't feel she's done her job until she explains how to prevent a recurrence.

Sometimes, the message falls on deaf ears. When people come for a second abortion, she says, she has to bite her tongue and try to avoid being judgmental.

"We explain about responsibility in a more assertive way," she says. "You have to be both supportive and assertive."

She dismisses contentions that the more you talk about sex, the more teenagers are encouraged to experiment. "Studies show that the more you talk to teenagers about sex, the less trouble they get themselves into," she says. "A girl I counseled at Shilo who had an abortion in 11th grade told me that if she had had sex ed in 10th grade, she never would have

gotten pregnant.

"Another girl told me that her soldier boyfriend wanted to have sex and that she had been unsure," Sossover continues. "After the sex-ed course, she told me, 'Now I know I'm not ready.'"

"The damage to a teenager who has sex before she is ready is great," she stresses. "If you reduce the number who have sex before they are ready, then you reduce the damage."

ENDNOTES

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at the Sharon Cinema, Tel Aviv

March 1988
Saleem Abboud, an 11-year-old
Arab, gives a solo piano recital
with the IPO in Tel Aviv

Compiled by Kelly Harig

SCENE AND HEARD

Bless our city fathers, for they know what we need

By Allison Kaplan Sommer

What do we look for in our city officials? We like to see leaders who are tuned in to what the public is really feeling, who know when the people are suffering, who can determine the cause and quickly respond.

Leaders like Tel Aviv mayor Ronni Milo, who proved in recent weeks that he knows how to make those important decisions on the spot.

One fine day, Mayor Milo was apparently strolling down the Tel Aviv coastline, checking out the citizens on the beach, and noticed that somehow, they looked constrained. That some of the bathers looked repressed, unnecessarily confined, and simply yearning to break free.

"What could it be?" he thought to himself. "What changes need to be made to correct this disturbing beach scene?"

The answer leapt to mind. No, he decided, they weren't concerned about the unfortunate level of garbage around the beach or the possibility that the water looked polluted. No, he thought, it couldn't be the fact that while they were lounging on the beach, their cars were likely being served with parking tickets with fines so high they would break their bank accounts.

And, perish the thought, they couldn't possibly be worrying about Tel Aviv's multi-million dollar debt.

The problem, it seemed clear, was those pesky bikini tops

covering the natural assets of shapely female Tel Aviv citizens.

"Whatever happened to the principles of liberty and equality?" Milo asked indignantly. "Why should these poor women be forced to cover the upper part of their bodies when their male counterparts are enjoying the inalienable right of an all-over tan and freedom from those little



white lines on their shoulders?"

So the mayor has gone and done it. Slitting topless on a Tel Aviv beach, which until last week earned us women a fine or a court summons, now merely results in a lot of unwanted men hanging around asking if we want to join them for coffee. Which one is less desirable, the guys or the court-summons? Frankly, it's a toss-up.

In any case, it seems the mayor has definitely got the lecherous male vote sewn up. Talk about a clear improvement in their quality of life!

And what about the political support of the topless babes on the beach?

Well, we're sure Mayor Milo is going to be keeping a close eye on those constituents to find out.

THERE'S ALWAYS A NEXT TIME

I hope like heck he's telling the truth this time.

US President George Bush, in response to Saddam Hussein's promise to cooperate with international nuclear weapons investigators.
The Jerusalem Post, June 30, 1991

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Acre lay in ruins for 450 years. It was not until the mid-18th century that it began to be rebuilt under the governorship of a Beduin sheikh, Daher el-Omar, who created a virtually autonomous fiefdom under the Ottoman Turks. As the new city took shape on the Crusader ruins, the port hummed once again with trade. Daher was assassinated after 25 years of rule and the Turks appointed as his successor an Albanian adventurer named Ahmed. His cruelty won him the title by which history would remember him — al-Jazzar, the butcher. History would remember him too for his defeat of Napoleon.

The French leader, marching north from Egypt after the British destroyed his fleet there, captured all the towns along the coast until he reached Acre. The city had a wall — not built by the Crusaders but by Daher el-Omar just two decades before. The French managed to breach it but were driven out by a fierce defense backed by the cannons of a strong British fleet offshore. After 60 days Napoleon conceded failure and marched his army back to Egypt. The walls of Acre today are in large part the ramparts built by al-Jazzar after the French retreat as a precaution against their return.

With Napoleon's departure, Acre more or less dropped out of history until modern times. The Citadel built in the 18th century served the British as the central prison for Palestine and it was from there that a spectacular escape was staged in 1947 by IZL and Lehi prisoners. A rescue team, dressed in British uniforms, drove into the heart of the Arab city in stolen British vehicles. The raiders made their way onto the roof of an adjacent Turkish bathhouse and blew a hole in the fortress wall. Close to a dozen men were killed in the breakout but more than 200 escaped.

The Citadel served as a mental hospital

until recent years when the last patients were transferred to other institutions.

It had been universally assumed that almost nothing was left of Crusader Acre in view of the deliberate destruction that followed its capture in 1291, and the rebuilding that took place on the ruins of that city under the Turks. "Of this important port city that flourished in the time of the Crusades," reads a recent book published in Germany, "of 200 years of Frankish rule, no site remains, no church vault or palace, nothing but one tower and the city wall."

The present city wall, as a matter of fact, was built 500 years after the Crusaders but Acre was far from being as bereft of Crusader remains as the authors believed. This had already become clear in 1960 when a comprehensive two-year survey of Old Acre was undertaken by a team headed by architect Kesten.

"Our unexpected conclusion," he wrote in an updated report published two years ago by the Old Acre Development Company, "was that the Old City faithfully reflects the layout of Crusader Acre... The Ottoman city was raised on the layout of the Crusader city with all its peculiarities."

In rebuilding Acre, Daher and al-Jazzar had preserved the street pattern and texture of the Crusader city. More than that, after carrying out a new survey in 1993, Kesten concluded that much of the Crusader city itself was still there beneath — sometimes alongside — the later buildings. In the absence of explosives, the Mamelukes in the 13th century had confined their destruction largely to setting fires and knocking down roofs and ceilings.

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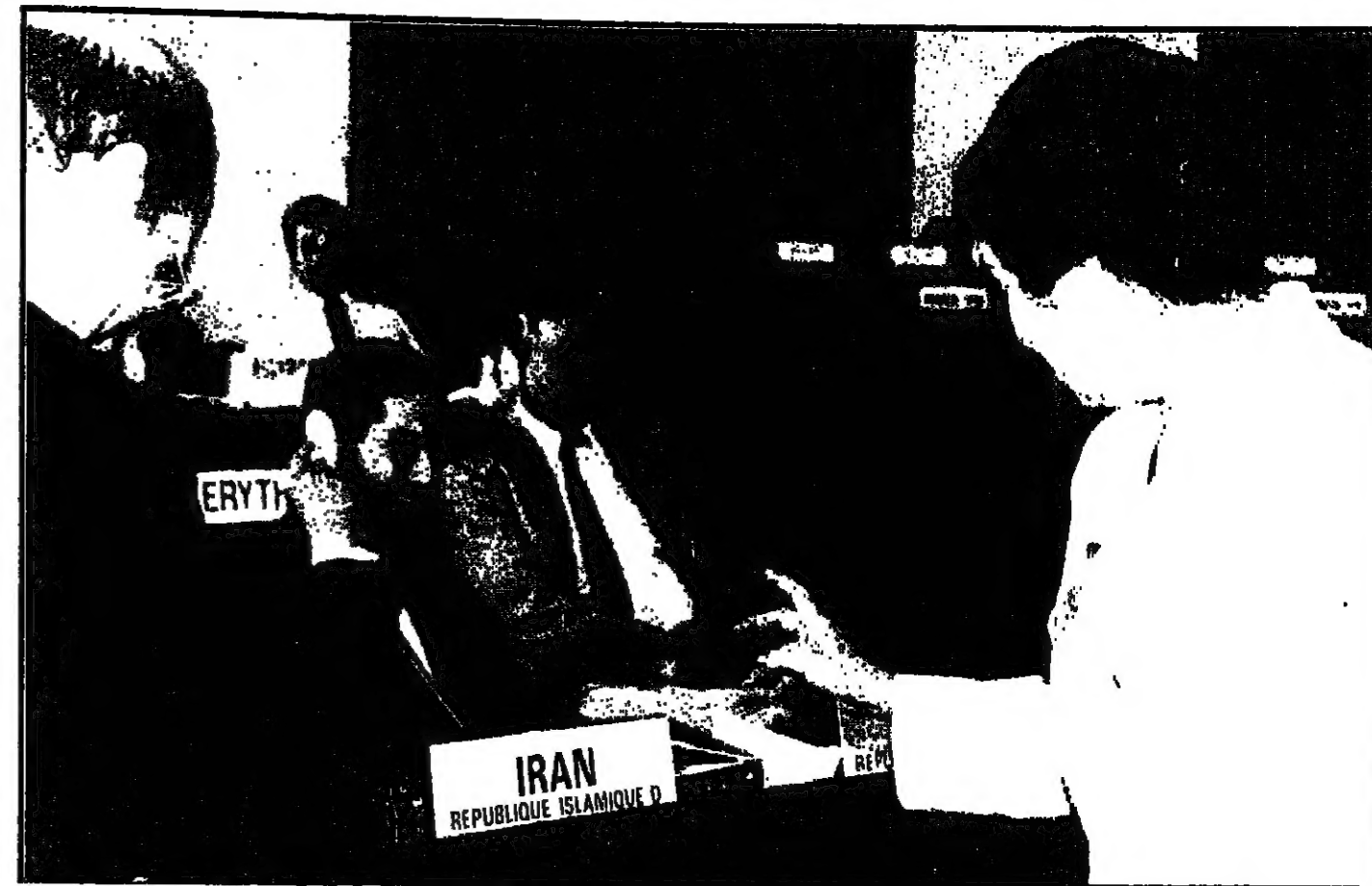
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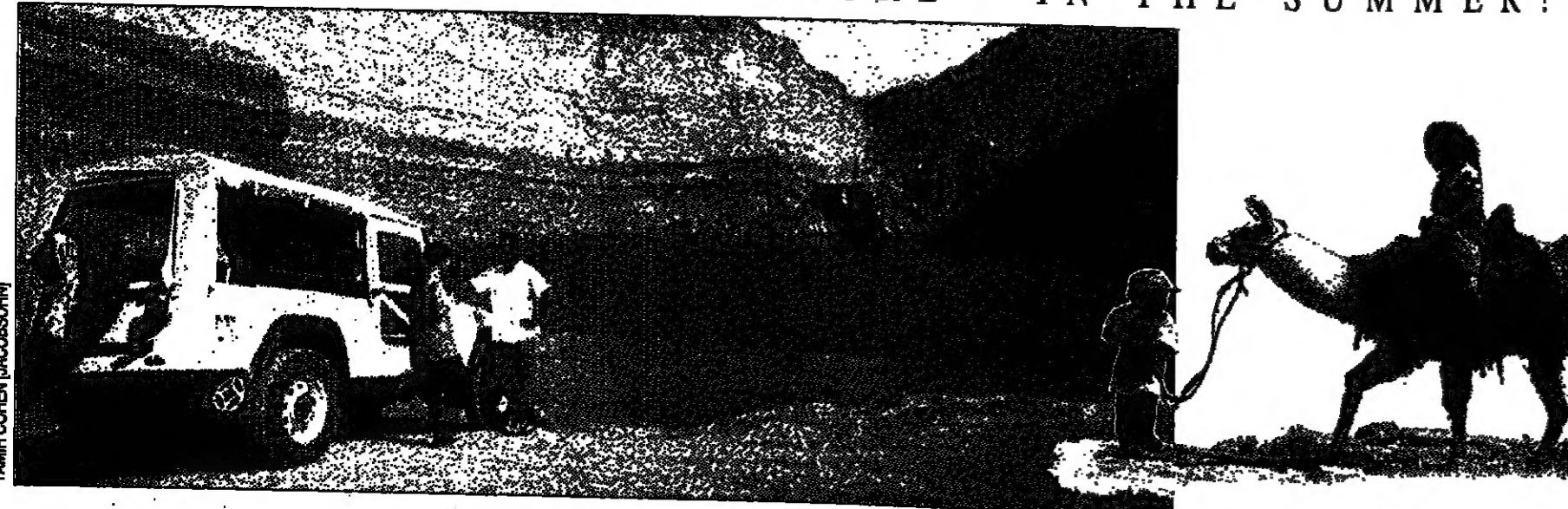
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Acre lay in ruins for 450 years. It was not until the mid-18th century that it began to be rebuilt under the governorship of a Beduin sheikh, Daher el-Omar, who created a virtually autonomous fiefdom under the Ottoman Turks. As the new city took shape on the Crusader ruins, the port hummed once again with trade. Daher was assassinated after 25 years of rule and the Turks appointed as his successor an Albanian adventurer named Ahmed. His cruelty won him the title by which history would remember him - al-Jazzar, the butcher. History would remember him too for his defeat of Napoleon.

The French leader, marching north from Egypt after the British destroyed his fleet there, captured all the towns along the coast until he reached Acre. The city had a wall - not built by the Crusaders but by Daher el-Omar just two decades before.

The French managed to breach it but were driven out by a fierce defense backed by the cannons of a strong British fleet offshore. After 60 days Napoleon conceded failure and marched his army back to Egypt. The walls of Acre today are in large part the ramparts built by al-Jazzar after the French retreat as a precaution against their return.

With Napoleon's departure, Acre more or less dropped out of history until modern times. The Citadel built in the 18th century served the British as the central prison for Palestine and it was from there that a spectacular escape was staged in 1947 by IZL and Lehi prisoners. A rescue team, dressed in British uniforms, drove into the heart of the Arab city in stolen British vehicles. The raiders made their way onto the roof of an adjacent Turkish bathhouse and blew a hole in the fortress wall. Close to a dozen men were killed in the breakout but more than 200 escaped.

The Citadel served as a mental hospital

until recent years when the last patients were transferred to other institutions.

It had been universally assumed that almost nothing was left of Crusader Acre in view of the deliberate destruction that followed its capture in 1291, and the rebuilding that took place on the ruins of that city under the Turks. "Of this important port city that flourished in the time of the Crusades," reads a recent book published in Germany, "of 200 years of Frankish rule, no site remains, no church vault or palace, nothing but one tower and the city wall."

The present city wall, as a matter of fact, was built 500 years after the Crusaders but Acre was far from being as bereft of Crusader remains as the authors believed. This had already become clear in 1960 when a comprehensive two-year survey of Old Acre was undertaken by a team headed by architect Kesten.

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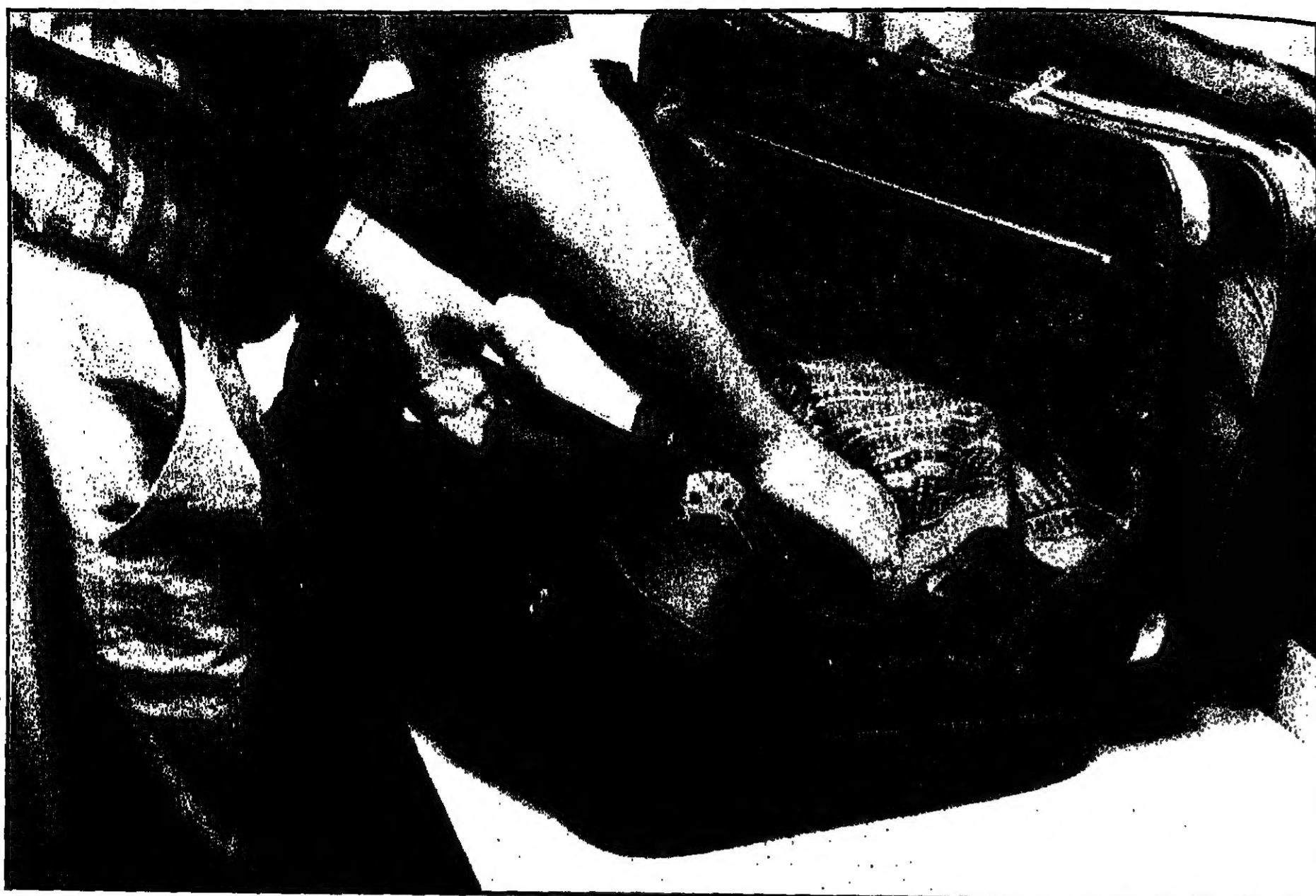
RAMOT RASSCO - NEW STANDARD IN BETTER LIVING

The Iranians said Israel should make the first move in improving relations with Iran by toning down its rhetoric against the Islamic regime. They stressed the

[illegible]

"These executive orders destroy Rabin's approach. He might be thinking: 'Do I stop the whole thing and we'll be enemies?' But I think he is thinking: 'What channel is left?' In this case, they will be thinking more in political terms; the Israeli question for Iran will be important. I have always made this a big issue. We should probably start with the Israelis."

Namir got in the last word. "We want justice, too," she said. "When we speak of justice, we want mutual justice."



AUDITION FEVER

Winning a prestigious violinist's seat with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra is more than a dream for some immigrants from the former Soviet Union.

By Sue Fishkoff

Photos: Karen Benzian



(Right) Miriam Eldor assigns audition slots to Ilya Yellin (left), Moise Lerner and Jonathan Wachtel.

It was a small ad placed in the country's newspapers two months ago: the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra needs a violinist.

The announcement caused a flurry in the tight-knit world of local violinists, where pressure from thousands of recently arrived classical musicians from the former Soviet Union has made every Philharmonic seat that much more precious.

There are about 35 full-time violinists among the 110 members of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. Most years, one or two seats become free, and open auditions are held on the main stage of Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium.

This year, the first-stage auditions were held in mid-June, with finalists to be called back on July 3. The lucky winner will join the Philharmonic immediately for its summer European festival.

The auditions are rigorous. This year, candidates were asked to prepare a Mozart concerto, the first movement of a Romantic concerto and two movements from the unaccompanied Bach partitas, and to be ready to play any of 20 violin sections from pieces regularly performed by the Philharmonic.

More than 20 violinists registered for the audition; 11 dropped out. "They all came by to pick up the audition materials," says IPO office administrator Miriam Eldor. "I guess some went home, looked at the music, and got cold feet."

Most of those 20 hopefuls were from the former Soviet Union. "My heart bleeds for them," Eldor said. "I know how they must feel. This means a steady salary, it means prestige, it's everything to them. To be a member of the Israel Philharmonic is a great honor."

Associate conductor Mendi Rodan said that most musicians who have joined the Philharmonic in the past three years have been Russian-speaking immigrants. They have put a new linguistic face on the orchestra, which Rodan now describes as "one-third Russian."

The phenomenon is immediately noticeable upon entering the rehearsal area in the Mann Auditorium. Notices to musicians are posted in Russian along with Hebrew, and most conversation seems to be in English, a language many of the new immigrants are still more comfortable with than Hebrew.

This year, many of the immigrant candidates dropped out early, creating a less skewed demographic distribution among the final nine hopefuls: five newcomers from the former Soviet Union, three native Israelis, and one American.

They played on an empty stage for the auditions this month, before a jury of their would-be peers — the "first desks" from the Philharmonic's string sections, supervised by Rodan. To preserve objectivity, the jury sat behind a dark screen, and was not permitted to hear the candidates' voices.

All anyone could hear was the music.

Jonathan Wachtel was the first candidate to show up that Sunday. He strode into the orchestra's basement cafeteria just after noon, an hour and a half before the audition was scheduled to begin, his violin case clutched protectively to his side, his eyes darting to and fro in search of a rehearsal room.

Told there would be no empty rooms for at least half an hour, he sank into a chair and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Do you think I should have worn a tie?" he asked worriedly, fidgeting his white shirt and dark suit. It turned out, not surprisingly, that most of the other candidates showed up in jeans.

Wachtel, 30, was an unusual candidate. Not only was he the lone American this year, he was the only candidate not presently working in the field. Wachtel, a commercial litigator from Memphis, Tennessee, is spending the year in Jerusalem at a yeshiva. He still plays the violin daily, and performs with a klezmer



Anxiety hits Natalya Gandelman, who is comforted by her mother Janna.

band in Memphis, but his last music lesson was in 1986.

That doesn't mean his credentials are any less impressive: child prodigy, guest soloist at 11 with the Philadelphia Orchestra, four years at the Juilliard School in New York, followed by a \$20,000 music scholarship to Skidmore College.

It just means that for him, the stakes are lower.

"If I don't get in, I'll go back to my law firm in Memphis," he said. "That's what I was planning to do anyway."

Just three weeks before the audition, Wachtel saw the Philharmonic's ad in *The Jerusalem Post*. That gave him little more than two weeks to rehearse, much less than most other candidates, some of whom have been preparing since last year's audition.

This was his first audition for an orchestra of any kind, and he said that waiting to go on stage was "much more difficult" than sitting for his law boards. "You have to have nerves of steel," he muttered.

"I don't expect to get in. This is really kind of a fluke. I figured, what the heck, I have nothing to lose."

At 12:45, a rehearsal room opened and Wachtel quickly claimed his space. Minutes later, a second candidate breezed into the cafeteria: Tel Aviv resident Elena Tishin, 27, a 1990 immigrant from St. Petersburg. This was her third try for the Philharmonic.

By 1 o'clock, both violinists were shut up in their cubicles, warming up furiously. Around them, the regular Philharmonic musicians were packing up after a morning rehearsal. One of the violinists asked Tishin, in Russian, "What will you play? The Brahms?" She nodded, and he wished her luck.

The Russian-speaking musicians, candidates and regulars alike, all seem to know each other. Many candidates, like Tishin, already work as substitute violinists with the Philharmonic, which gives them the advantage of familiarity with the orchestra's style and performance space. It gives

them no advantage with the screened-off jury members, however, who know them only by number.

Tishin was in a great rush that Sunday, too busy to talk to reporters. She asked Eldor for the first audition slot, so she could run off to her afternoon job with the Rishon LeZion Orchestra, and firmly shut the door to her practice room behind her.

The third candidate to appear was 21-year-old Natalya Gandelman, who immigrated from Moscow with her family in 1990. She is no stranger to the Philharmonic. Not only has she been a substitute violinist for the past two years, her father Yuri plays first viola, having been personally invited by Philharmonic musical director Zubin Mehta to audition for the position before his immigration.

Gandelman was a bundle of nerves. This was her first audition for the orchestra. She shut herself up in a practice room, while her proud mother Janna sang her praises.

A violin student since the age of five in St. Petersburg, Gandelman now travels three to four times a week from the family's Tel Aviv apartment to classes at the Rubin Academy of Music and Dance in Jerusalem.

The Gandelman family often gives concerts together, throughout Israel as well as Germany, Japan and Italy; Yuri on viola, Janna on piano, Natalya and her 17-year-old brother on violin. Unlike Wachtel, who didn't touch the violin for 24 hours before his audition, on the theory that over-practicing could hurt more than it helped, Gandelman spent hours Sunday morning going over her selections.

"I'm so nervous for her," her mother said, wringing her hands. "But if she doesn't get in, it won't be a tragedy. She'll cry, but she'll get over it."

By 1:30, the practice rooms were filled, and the tension was mounting. From behind closed doors, the trilling of scales wound up and around snippets of Bach and Mozart, rising in an emotional crescendo as the first candidate awaited her turn in a darkened hallway.

As auditions got underway, the candidates began pacing nervously outside their rooms. Eliezer Gutman, casually dressed in khakis, dark green shirt and sandals, wore an intense, worried expression. Gandelman wandered up and down the hall, gazing blindly at the ceiling, her face tightly drawn.

Everyone finds inspiration in a different manner. Inside one of the practice rooms, a short man sawed away at his violin, grinning at himself broadly in a wall-to-wall mirror, basking in the reflected approval.

He later introduced himself as Ilya Yellin, and said he immigrated a year and a half ago from Moscow. After his audition, he sat in the cafeteria, comparing notes with another candidate, 42-year-old

ALL IN THE FAMILY

It's very common in the Russian immigrant community to find entire families of musicians. Parents pass their cultural leanings on to their children, and the Soviet system — whatever its other shortcomings — recognized and funded musically talented youngsters from so early an age.

The five finalists in this year's Israel Philharmonic violin auditions all come from musical families. Elena Tishin's mother and sister are pianists, her father is a singer and her husband, with whom she regularly plays, is also a violinist. Natalya Gandelman performs internationally with her parents and younger brother.

Marianna Povolotsky, 19, lives in Tel Aviv, where she studies at the university's Rubin Academy of Music and gives violin concerts with her younger brother and her father, a violinist with the Philharmonic. She plays with the Tel Aviv Youth Orchestra, and, like several other finalists, is a substitute violinist with the Philharmonic.

"We all know each other from past auditions," she says, pointing out that this is her third try for the regular orchestra. Gandelman is the only finalist this year who had never auditioned before.

"I don't think I will be my own mother-in-law," she says with a sigh.

Adalina Grolsky immigrated to Tel Aviv in 1991, after graduating from the state music academy in her native Tashkent. She plays with the Tel Aviv Orchestra, bidding her time until she realizes her goal of performing with the Philharmonic.

"It's frustrating to audition year after year," she admits. "I've never been to a musician in Tashkent, let alone when I was living there. I don't know how it's now. There is so much competition here." Still, she says, she's worked steadily since her arrival in Jerusalem, and she's proud to be a part of the Russian musical tradition.

Kleiman, who immigrated to Tel Aviv in 1987, is a product of the Soviet musical system. He graduated from the Rubin Academy of Music and Dance in St. Petersburg, and played with the Tel Aviv Youth Orchestra.

This is her third try for the Philharmonic. She's auditioned before, and she's been told she's good. But she's still not sure. "I'm nervous," she says. "I'm nervous about the audition. I'm nervous about the jury. I'm nervous about the whole thing."

THE RUSSIAN ASSAULT

The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, founded in December 1936 as the Palestine Orchestra, is the country's most prestigious orchestra, with a sterling international reputation. Its 110 full-time musicians are the cream of an extremely talented crop.

Those 110 seats, however, don't begin to satisfy the needs of almost 8,000 Soviet-trained musicians who have arrived in this country since January 1990. They're talented, they're ambitious, they've studied at top schools and played with the best orchestras from Kishinev to Kiev, and they're hungry for work.

And the 8,000 number is deceptive; it does not include thousands of young musicians who arrived here on their parents' visas, and are now studying in the country's music academies, their sights set on musical careers. Four of the five finalists in this year's Philharmonic violin audition fall into this category.

The pressure these new immigrants has placed on the local music scene is enormous. The best – and the most fortunate – have managed to find jobs playing with myriad small orchestras that have popped up around the country in the past five years.

Six of these orchestras – in Ra'anana, Rehovot, Yotvot, Ramat Hasharon, Ashdod and Eilat – were created by the Center for Absorption of Immigrant Artists, a joint program of the Jewish Agency and the ministries of absorption and education, specifically to give work to new immigrant musicians. Smaller orchestras in a dozen other cities, not funded by the government, give creative outlet but little financial compensation to hundreds more new immigrant and native-Israeli musicians.

In addition to those who landed jobs with orchestras, many other immigrant musicians teach in schools, often through projects sponsored by the intra-ministerial center. Some are invited to private homes to give chamber-music concerts, often for parties hosted by veteran immigrants from the English-

speaking world. The overflow takes to the streets, filling the air with music, their instrument cases propped open to catch the coins tossed by passersby.

As in other areas, however, the initial enthusiasm that greeted these newly arrived musicians – and fueled funding for their projects – has dissipated. The invitations to play for private parties have dropped off. The small orchestras are cutting back or disbanding.

More than a month ago, the 60 musicians in the Tel Aviv Orchestra learned that their group was set to merge with the 100-strong Rishon LeZion Orchestra. Up to 40 musicians will probably lose their jobs.

Just last week, it was reported that three other small orchestras – in Ra'anana, Rehovot and Ashdod – were about to shut down, because the Jewish Agency had not handed over moneys budgeted for these groups for the '94-'95 season.

Jewish Agency director-general Moshe Nativ has said that the agency had other, "more pressing" needs clamoring for its shrinking largesse, projects more essential than music.

The numbers crunch means that even more immigrant musicians will soon be out of work, competing with native Israelis for ever fewer professional positions.

"Despite our best intentions, we have not been able to solve everyone's problem," says Rafi Ben-Moshe, head of the Center for the Absorption of Immigrant Musicians. "There are plenty of talented artists and dancers, as well as musicians, who can't find work in their field."

"We're a small country, and there will never be enough positions in the arts for the large number of immigrants who have arrived in recent years."

— S.P.

Moise Lerner, formerly of Estonia.

Both Lerner and Yellin play with the Tel Aviv Symphony, an independent orchestra set up by the municipality specifically to give work to Russian-speaking immigrants. They are both worried about the symphony's imminent merger with the Rishon LeZion Orchestra.

"Many musicians will lose their jobs," Lerner predicted. Like most top immigrant musicians, these men have managed to make their living from music since their arrival in the country. To supplement their meager pay from the Tel Aviv Symphony, Lerner plays "here and there," and teaches privately. Yellin does the same.

"I knew it wouldn't be easy here as a musician," remarked Lerner. "So many immigrants had to give it up and change professions."

"In Israel, you can either make music or make money," Yellin said with a shrug. This was his first audition with the Philharmonic. Asked how he thought he did, he murmured, "Well, it's always possible to do better."

For Lerner, this was his sixth appearance before the Philharmonic judges. That didn't make it any easier, he claimed. "The chance of being accepted is so small and the pressure is so great," he said. "I have more experience now with auditions, but I'm just as nervous. I can only imagine how the younger players feel!"

If he doesn't pass this stage of the audition, Yellin said, "there's always more work and more orchestras – this isn't the last audition in the world."

The men were not optimistic about their chances. Still, Yellin insisted, he wasn't a pessimist either.

"I'm a realist," he stated. "That means pessimist," Lerner shot back. They looked at each other and started to laugh.

Just then, Eliezer Gutman strode out of his audition, shaking his head.

"I feel much more relaxed, but a little disappointed," he said. Like the other candidates, he had prepared many pieces of music, but was asked to play for only 10 minutes. The judges did not let the candidates play their Romantic concertos, which frustrated some of them.

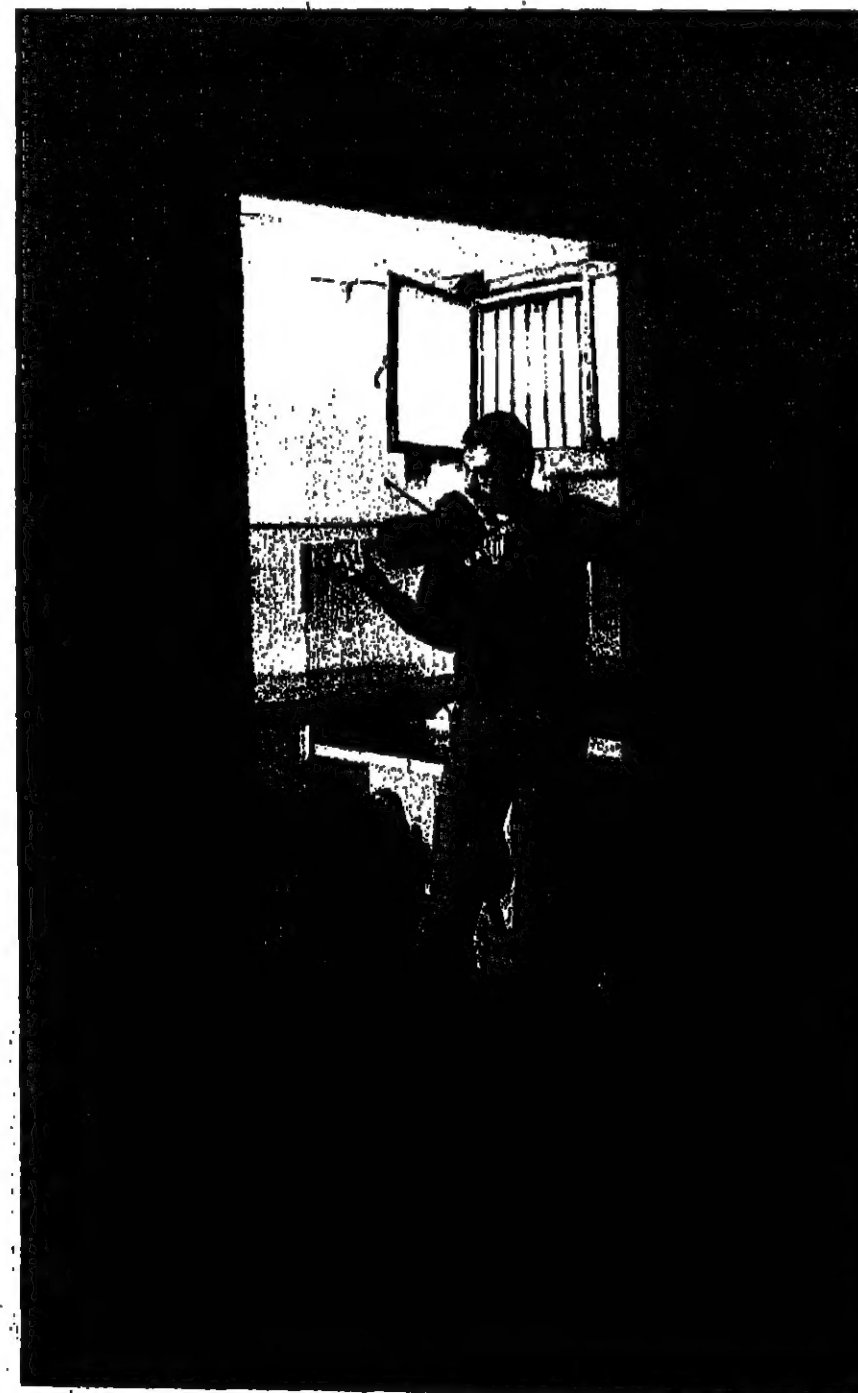
"If they'd asked me to play the Beethoven, it would have been a lot better," Gutman agonized. "I was more prepared with it."

Gutman drove in from Haifa, where he and his wife, Bynat, are visiting their families. They have lived in Delaware for the

past five years, where she studies for her Ph.D. and he works as concertmaster for the Southeastern Pennsylvania Symphony Orchestra.

The Gutmans want very much to move

back to Israel, but Eliezer said they can't do it unless he secures a permanent music position. He believes that the great number of immigrant musicians in the country will hurt his chances of finding a teaching job, but not



Eliezer Gutman is worried that he will lose his job when the Tel Aviv Symphony merges with the Rishon LeZion Orchestra.

his chances of landing an orchestra position.

"There are many of them, but not all of them are good," he pointed out. "I don't think it matters how many people audition for a seat. If 100 candidates play, and none of them are good enough, no one will be picked. If you play well, you will be chosen, no matter how many others are there."

Gutman has been preparing for the Philharmonic audition for months, using materials from his first audition with the group six years ago. If he doesn't make it this time, he'll audition for smaller orchestras elsewhere in this country.

"We want to come back," he said. "It's time already. We feel lonely in America."

Gutman had reservations to fly back to the US the next evening, to take a summer job teaching music at a camp in Maine. Even if he made it to the second round of auditions, he doubted whether he could fly back for July 3. That one flight, he pointed out, would cost him more than his entire summer-camp salary.

At 3 p.m., Gandelman came rushing out of her audition in tears, and closed herself away for a few minutes to recover.

"It was terrible," she insisted later, her lip trembling slightly. She had played Bach's Second Sonata in A minor and Mozart's Concerto No. 4.

"I was so nervous. I tried to think only about the music, and not about the people who would be counting my mistakes. All the time, I wished I were just playing in my living room."

Gandelman had hardly slept a wink the previous night, and was wide awake by 6 a.m. "I've worked so hard the past year for this," she said with a sigh.

She won't even consider auditioning for another orchestra. "The Philharmonic is the best," she stated. If she's not accepted this year, she said she'll probably go to Holland or Germany for further music studies and try again.

In either case, she won't allow herself to be discouraged. She feels, like Gutman, that it doesn't matter how many musicians are vying for the positions here – the best will find work.

"The music scene in Israel is so rich," she noted. "There is this wonderful orchestra, a lot of extremely good concerts and festivals, so much happening all the time."

Right now, she's so involved in her heavy performance schedule, she has little time to worry. That Tuesday, she was off to Monte Carlo to play with the New World Orchestra from Miami.

"If I don't make it this year, I'll get in later. I'm only 21. Five years from now, I'll start worrying."

At 3:30, Wachtel's trial had finished. "It wasn't great," he admitted. "But like I said, I have nothing to lose."

He nodded toward the table where Lerner and Yellin were sitting. "These people, they're serious. I have something to fall back on. To them, this means everything."

By 3:45, it was all over. Miriam Eldor, who had been monitoring the two-hour audition by closed-circuit television, walked briskly among the candidates, thanking those who would not be invited back on July 3.

Just two from this group passed: Elena Tishin and Natalya Gandelman. On July 3, they join three immigrant women who made it to the second stage last year: Adalina Grodsky, 25, from Tashkent; Janna Gandelman, 26, from Kishinev; Marianna Povolotsky, 19, from Moscow.

Wachtel will go back to Memphis. Gutman will go back to Delaware. Lerner and Yellin will keep plugging away, clinging by their bowstrings to the few remaining seats in the Tel Aviv and Rishon LeZion orchestras.

On July 3, the empty chair in the violinists' section of the Israel Philharmonic will be filled. And the only thing certain about the person chosen to sit there is that she'll be young, originally from the former Soviet Union, and a woman.

Dror Shiloni

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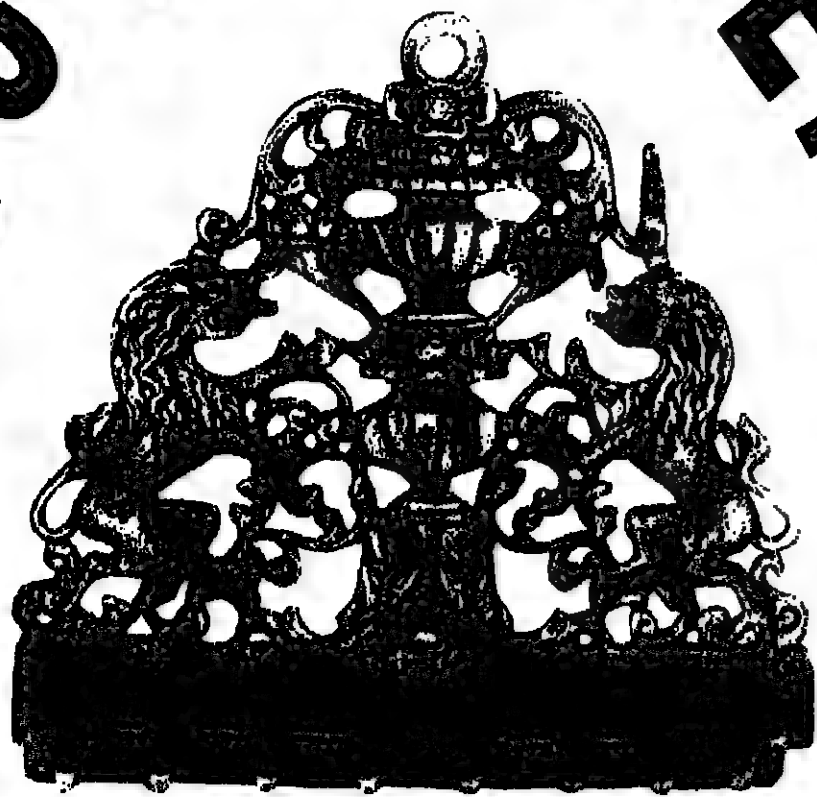
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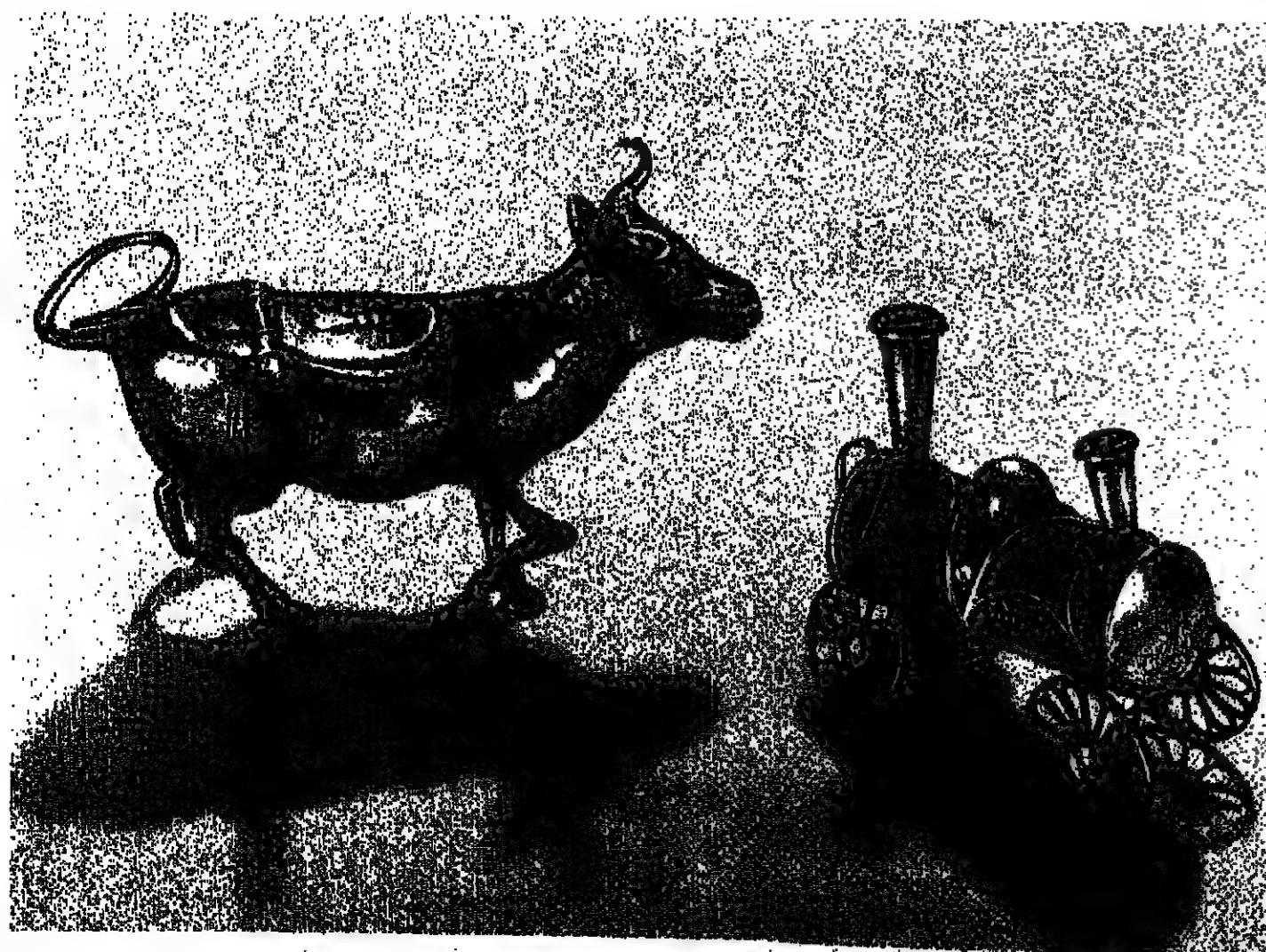
1969-1995
MINRAV

OBJECT OF RENAISSANCE



Despite the trauma of a major theft more than a year ago, Budapest's Jewish Museum continues to thrive.

By Esther Hecht



(Top) A 16th-century bronze hanukkah has eight oil pans in a row; the ninth sits on the head of the lion on the right. (Above) Jewish artisans gave free rein to their imagination in designing spice boxes.

18 THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Robert Turan was a playwright before he became a museum director, and, at 49, he still dresses the part. He arrives at work in faded blue jeans, with a plain gray sweater and black scarf, as if he had just stepped away from a rehearsal.

It is a cold, gray Sunday morning in spring, but Budapest's Jewish Museum is warm and brightly lit, alive with music and people. Over the loudspeakers come Israeli songs from the Six Day War. More than 170 visitors have entered in the first half hour of the day.

The more than 80-year-old museum is part of the Dohany Street Synagogue complex that has been undergoing extensive renovations for several years. The synagogue was completed in 1859. The museum moved into its current premises in 1932.

Turan gazes at the steady stream of people with satisfaction, but not for long. He is called away to the phone, comes back and apologizes for keeping me waiting, then darts off again to take care of some other matter.

George Ungar, who has worked at the museum for four years, greets each visitor, explaining that there is no admission fee, but that a donation would be appreciated.

"I've learned to solicit donations in all languages," Ungar says in perfect Hebrew. For 10 years after World War II, he lived in Kibbutz Beit Kama.

The museum has been through a lot lately: major renovations, the theft of nearly all of its displayed items, frantic collecting of new objects to replace them, recovery of nearly all the stolen items and the opening of a new section. There has been, and still is, so much to do, says Turan, who has been the director for just over a year, "and there is so little time."

When he is finally free for a tour, he begins by pointing with pride to the explanatory introductions to each section in Hebrew, alongside explanations in Hungarian and English. He is proud, too, of a plaque just inside the entrance, declaring in Hebrew and Hungarian, "On this site stood the house in which Theodor Herzl was born."

What might be commonplace in any Western country is a considerable achievement for Turan. "During the communist regime [which ended in 1989], it was forbidden to post anything in Hebrew on the walls, he explains in his soft, even voice. "My friend was imprisoned for three months for teaching Hebrew in the Eighties."

When Turan speaks about the renovations, his voice becomes more animated and his eyes shine. But there is one thing about the museum's recent past he does not like to talk about: what happened to its most precious exhibits in December 1993.

"It was [as] dark and cold as in Siberia," Turan says of the day he came to work in December 1993 and found nearly everything in the two [main] rooms ... gone."

On a Friday night in mid-December, thieves climbed up the scaffolding and broke into the museum through a stained-glass window in the second gallery, he recounts.

Protected from sight by the cloth shrouds on the scaffolding, they removed nearly all the exhibits in the two main galleries in a truck waiting below, then drove them across the border to Romania.

How the thieves eluded the museum's two alarm systems is unclear. The Budapest Sun, an English-language weekly, reported simply that they had dismantled the alarms.

According to Yehuda Lahav, writing in *Al Hamishmar*, there are persistent rumors that the thieves were aided by someone inside the museum.

Gusztav Zoltai, executive director of the Central Board of the Federation of Jewish

Communities in Hungary, says the thieves had cut the external alarm wires which were left dangling in the course of the renovations. And Turan insists the system was intact, but that the police failed to respond to the alarm in time.

Various press reports put the value of the stolen items at \$8 million, \$70m, and between \$200m and \$300m, but Zoltai said the objects' real value is "inestimable," because many of them were unique and irreplaceable.

Hungarian police sought help from the police forces of Germany, Austria, Romania and Israel.

In August 1994, in a village near Bucharest, about 90 percent of the stolen items were found and returned to the museum. In February 1995, the remaining items were found, also near Bucharest. According to Turan, the only items damaged in the theft were two Italian Seder plates, from the 17th century.

In September 1994, Hungarian police announced two arrests in the case: an Austrian citizen of Romanian origin, and a Romanian living in Germany.

An international warrant has been issued for Arie Bacal, 51, described by *The Budapest Sun* as an Israeli citizen of Romanian origin living in Germany. According to Lahav, Bacal is known to veteran vendors in the Jaffa flea market who cannot understand how he got mixed up in a multimillion dollar heist.

It was the first time an Israeli citizen was suspected of involvement in an art theft abroad, according to Deputy-Commander Jodi Brey, head of the interrogation and investigation of the police department's Central Division, Tel Aviv.

The involvement of an Israeli national was



a great embarrassment for the community, says Turan's 20-year-old daughter, Eszter, who is studying in Jerusalem this year in the preparatory program of the Hebrew University's Rothberg School for Overseas Students. Eszter had returned to Budapest in April 1994 after several months in a kibbutz to find her friends very anxious about the theft.

"We didn't think that someone with Israeli citizenship might help robbers. We didn't want to talk about it," she says.

For the older members of Budapest's Jewish community, the theft also brought back traumatic memories of World War II.

"It was hard for the younger generation to explain to the older people that this was a criminal act," Turan says. "The older people associated the robbery with the Nazis. The shock was so deep, politically and emotionally."

Those fears were exacerbated in the spring of 1994 when, following four years of increasing antisemitic expressions in the country, two right-wing parties used antisemitic innuendo in their election campaigns.

"It was a bad period for the community," Eszter recalls. "It wasn't a pleasant period to be a Jew, [especially for a person like me who] grew up in a Zionist family."

But the break-in also had a positive aspect: It was a catalyst for major and



(Above) A drop of poison falls from Death's sword into the patient's mouth, in an illuminated book belonging to a Hungarian burial society. (Left) Four-tiered Seder tray: the finest of the items received after the theft.

immediate changes. Turan, who had worked since 1991 in the museum's archives, was appointed director and quickly set about collecting objects to replace the stolen ones. Through ads in the Jewish newspaper *Uj Eretz* ("New Life"), he solicited donations of items.

One of the Budapest residents who responded to the ads was a Mr. Gabor, who asked for help in an important personal matter: He wanted the museum to intercede with the *hevra kadisha* (burial society), "to reserve a place [for him] in the cemetery near his brother," Turan recalls.

In exchange, the museum received a four-tiered silver Seder tray topped by figures of six barefoot men, winking the tools of slavery. One pushes a wheelbarrow, another hoists a huge basket, a third carries an enormous oval platter on his head. Each is meant to hold one of the ritual foods of the Seder.

The theft spurred the community to undertake a major renovation, in two stages. Just four months later, the museum reopened, its cases filled with newly acquired objects. MK Shevah Weiss was one of the VIPs who attended the reopening.

According to Turan, the renovation - that tripled the storage and exhibition space to 1,000 square meters - was much more than a physical facelift. "We had to show that we still have Jewish pride," he says. "The renovation was not just physical but symbolic." he says. It helped give the community "a new position in Hungarian Christian society" and broke old taboos, like the ban on Hebrew signs.

What visitors to the museum see now is a combination of the old and newly acquired items, reflecting the Jewish presence in the area from as early as the Roman period. From Esztergom, in what was the Roman province of Pannonia, comes a tombstone with a large, seven-branched menorah, dating back to the third century CE.

The galleries on the main floor retain the arrangement of ritual objects established in the '80s, but the array is far richer. The walls are freshly painted, pale blue and white; on the ceilings, new lights are arranged in a Star-of-David pattern.

Most of the items on display, made by Jewish and non-Jewish artisans, are from the 18th and 19th centuries and show the close ties the Hungarian Jewish community had, until World War II, with

Austria and Germany.

The sheer "beauty of the objects is what is appreciated by young people my age," says Eszter Turan, who worked as a guide in the museum last summer.

In the first gallery, showing ritual objects related to the Sabbath, the Torah is in a central case, symbolic of its central position in Jewish life. Displayed with it are richly decorated crowns, finials and breastplates. Cases that line the walls contain kiddush cups, candlesticks and spice boxes.

Jewish artisans in Hungary were known for their metalwork, Turan says. As they created objects for ritual use, they expressed their patriotism by adding, for example, the double-headed eagle that symbolized the Habsburg dynasty, so that it crops up in the strangest places - for example, on finials (*rimonim*).

It is in the spice boxes used in the Havdala service that Jewish artisans gave freest rein to their fancy. There are, of course, the familiar turrets

shapes. But there is also a large peacock, a rooster, a fish with movable parts and a crow.

One of the most striking is a silver filigree locomotive just 7 cm. long with four wheels and two chimneys, probably from Obuda, today a part of Budapest. Another unusual design, from Venice, is an open-work brass gondola, with a little movable door and two oarsmen.

In the second gallery, dedicated to the festivals, a Seder table is set. Alongside it is a case of Seder plates, including fine examples of hand-painted porcelain plates by Herend.

The firm, established in the 19th century by a Jewish family but now state owned, still produces plates with the same designs, affordable only by the well heeled.

In sharp contrast, part of the display marking Shavuot is a simple wooden version of the tablets of the Law, from a synagogue in the countryside.

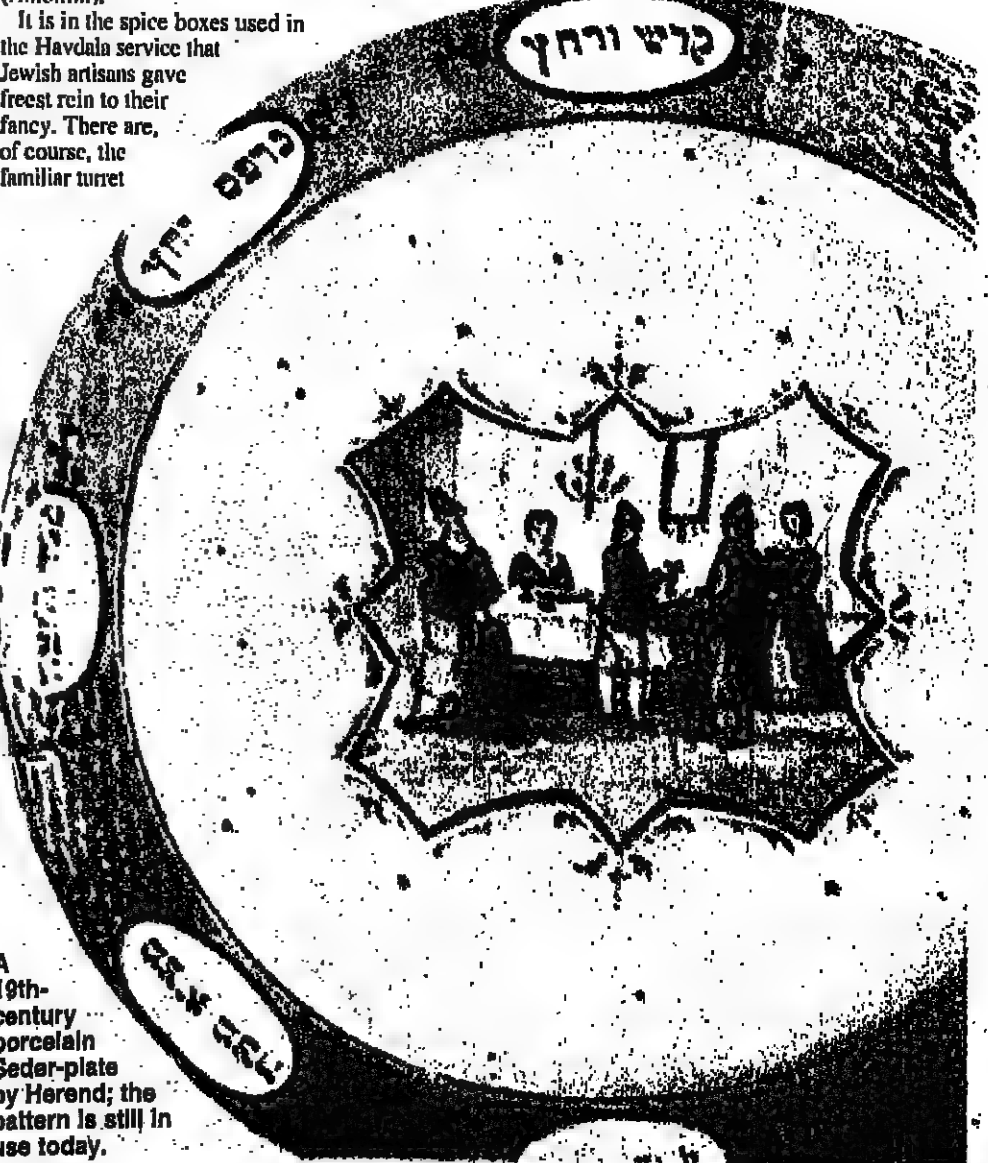
"It is important to show the historical dimension," Turan explains, "as well as the richness" of the gold, silver and porcelain items.

The hanukkiot in this gallery show a curious mixture of traditional and political motifs: A late 18th-century copper lamp from Poland has a bust of Emperor Joseph II set between four lions. A brass lamp, also from Poland, from the early 19th century is topped by a bust of Napoleon.

The third gallery contains objects of daily life and rites of passage: circumcision, wedding and death, as well as coins and medals.

Most interesting here is the codex of the *Hevrah of Nagykanizsa*. This 18th-century book includes kabbalistically oriented texts dealing with death and dying. On one of the richly illuminated pages displayed, a drop of poison falls from Death's sword into the patient's mouth; on the facing page a man keeps vigil beside a corpse.

That codex provides a fitting transition to the fourth (and final) gallery on the main floor which depicts - in photos, documents



A 19th-century porcelain Seder plate by Herend; the pattern is still in use today.

FACE-LIFT FOR AN AGING COMMUNITY



Hungary, the synagogue is scheduled to reopen in time for the High Holy Days. Of the city's 80,000 Jews, 40,000 are elderly, Zolnai says. The neighborhood's Jewish residents are mostly senior citizens; the younger generation has moved away to other parts of the city, says Anna Popper of the Hungarian Tourist Board.

Only about 60 people, most of them in their sixties, seventies and eighties, were at Shabbat services at the smaller Heroes Synagogue, around the corner from the Dohany Synagogue, when I visited this spring. It is one of more than 20 Jewish places of worship listed in an official tourist publication.

This synagogue has an organ and choir, though men and women sit separately. The ark has a steel door that slides heavenward at the flick of a switch. During the service, a group of non-Jewish tourists from Spain came in for a few minutes with a guide.

Behind the Heroes Synagogue is the Tree of Life, a Holocaust memorial created by sculptor Imre Varga, on which each leaf represents a victim. The synagogue courtyard is filled with tombstones, grim testimony to a period during World War II when it was used as a burial ground for Jews who perished in the ghetto.

In a Jewish bookstore on Slip Street next to the building housing Zolnai's office, an elderly saleswoman urged two visitors to buy a very impressive facsimile set of four handwritten, illuminated Haggadot.

There is a kosher restaurant, as well as a kosher-style one.

A tourist magazine said we must try the *flood* (a cake containing apples, nuts and poppy seeds) at a kosher bakery in the neighborhood, *Frohlich Cukrazda*, on Dob street. The word, "*cukrazda*" (bakery) was in letters large enough to be seen; only when I came out did I see the name *Frohlich* in tiny letters above the window. The cake was divine.

Museum director Robert Turan (right) with restoration student Kati Szekler, 21, one of two young volunteers.

Budapest's historic Jewish Quarter is on the tourist map, and for good reason. The Dohany Street Synagogue, with seating for nearly 3,000, is the largest in the world, according to Robert Turan, director of the Jewish Museum that is part of the same complex. The Moorish-style building has undergone extensive renovations, including regilding of its bulb-shaped spires. The \$10 million restoration of the synagogue and the museum was funded partly by the Emmanuel Foundation, established by US Jewish actor Tony Curtis. According to Gusslav Zolnai, executive director of the Central Board of the Federation of Jewish Communities in



and objects — the fate of Hungary's Jews in World War II, when more than 600,000 of them perished out of a population of about 850,000.

Adolf Eichmann, Turan says, decided to eliminate the Jews in Hungary's countryside first, then to wipe out the Jews of Budapest.

A woman's dress made from a tallit, Turan says, shows the attempt "to humiliate and destroy the spirit." A hanukkah, made in the Budapest ghetto from a loaf of bread, was a brave attempt to maintain that spirit.

"In the last four years, the Hungarian Christian government [has] tried to have a selective memory," Turan says, but the photos and the documents clearly show the involvement of the

Hungarian authorities in Eichmann's plan.

Following Germany's invasion of Hungary on March 19, 1944, a series of decrees quickly deprived the Jews of their rights. Many of Budapest's Jews were moved out of their homes and crowded into a ghetto; the museum, on the edge of the ghetto, became a center for forced labor battalions, and a crucial, secret link to the outside.

When, in the winter of 1944, Hungarian Fascists packed the Jews into the adjacent Dohany Street Synagogue prior to deportation, some discovered breaches in the wall joining the museum to the synagogue, and managed to escape.

During the recent museum renovations, Turan says, a hiding place near one of the breaches was discovered. In this spot, he placed a memorial tablet with an Hungarian inscription, which he translates with barely controlled emotion: "In memory of our brothers who in 1944 were forced to hide, who starved, were tortured and shot down."

It is easy to understand Turan's sense of triumph that the Hungarian president, the German ambassador and many members of the German Embassy attended the opening of an exhibition, in February of this year, following the second stage of the renovation.

The top floor of the museum, which had been out of use for years because its roof was badly damaged, now houses "Victims and Perpetrators" — portraits of daily life in the ghetto, by like Gede, and of Hungarians on trial for war crimes, by Gyorgy Roman.

According to Anita Semjen, who organized the exhibition, the two artists knew each other, but neither knew that the other had such drawings.

"Both used the same kind of sketchbook," Semjen says. "Both documented the Holocaust."

These works were very private, Semjen says. Gede's drawings, about 300 of them in five sketchbooks, came to light only after her death. Roman's daughter found his sketchbook in a closet.

like Gede's sketch of a girl in the Budapest ghetto is part of "Victims and Perpetrators," a new exhibition.

The sufferings of these two did not end with the war: While other artists benefited from state support, Gede and Roman, like other Hungarian Jewish artists, were beyond the pale. They just "didn't exist," Semjen says. "They didn't have money for materials, even in the Sixties and Seventies."

The exhibition, the first time these works are being shown, is scheduled to run through August; then it is to travel to Yad Vashem this fall, and to cities in the US, before it reaches the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington DC, hopefully its final destination.

Semjen, 51, who divides her time between her native Budapest and Washington DC, where she runs a non-profit organization that promotes Hungarian artists, says the heirs of Gede and Roman would like the works to end up in Jewish institutions, but can't afford to donate them themselves; they are hoping people will buy them and donate them.

Turan already has plans for the next exhibition on the upper floor. In fact, he has plans for every part of the museum, which he wants to turn into "a serious Jewish institution with a lot of spiritual functions."

This conception grew out of his involvement in Hungary's Jewish cultural revival that began in the late Eighties, when, he says, it was still government policy "to reduce Judaism to a religion." He was a founding member of what he describes as the first nonreligious cultural organization.

His goal is for the museum to fill spiritual and cultural, but not necessarily religious, needs. This, he believes, will help attract youngsters, especially those whose Jewish identity is not strong, and counter-act assimilation.

Kati Szekler, 21, a student of restoration at Budapest's Fine Arts University, and a graduate of the Anno Frank high school, is one of two volunteers at the museum, where she has worked for two years restoring frames.

The new spirit of the museum, Turan says, is already apparent: "They [the volunteers] don't feel [stigmatized] that they are here."

His plans include continued collecting of items from the countryside, arranging exhibition space for more than 200 paintings by Hungarian Jewish artists, all from before World War II, and opening the museum's archives to researchers.

He even hopes to open a kosher cafeteria on the ground floor. The museum will become, he says, "a meeting place [for Jews] in Eastern Europe."

"Budapest has the last still-living Jewish community in Eastern Europe. It's our responsibility to create a spiritual center" for these 80,000 souls left in Budapest.

Already, one major plan has been realized: The heating system has been restored and reactivated after more than half a century of disuse. This makes it possible for the museum to remain open all year long, and invites visitors to linger, even on cold days.

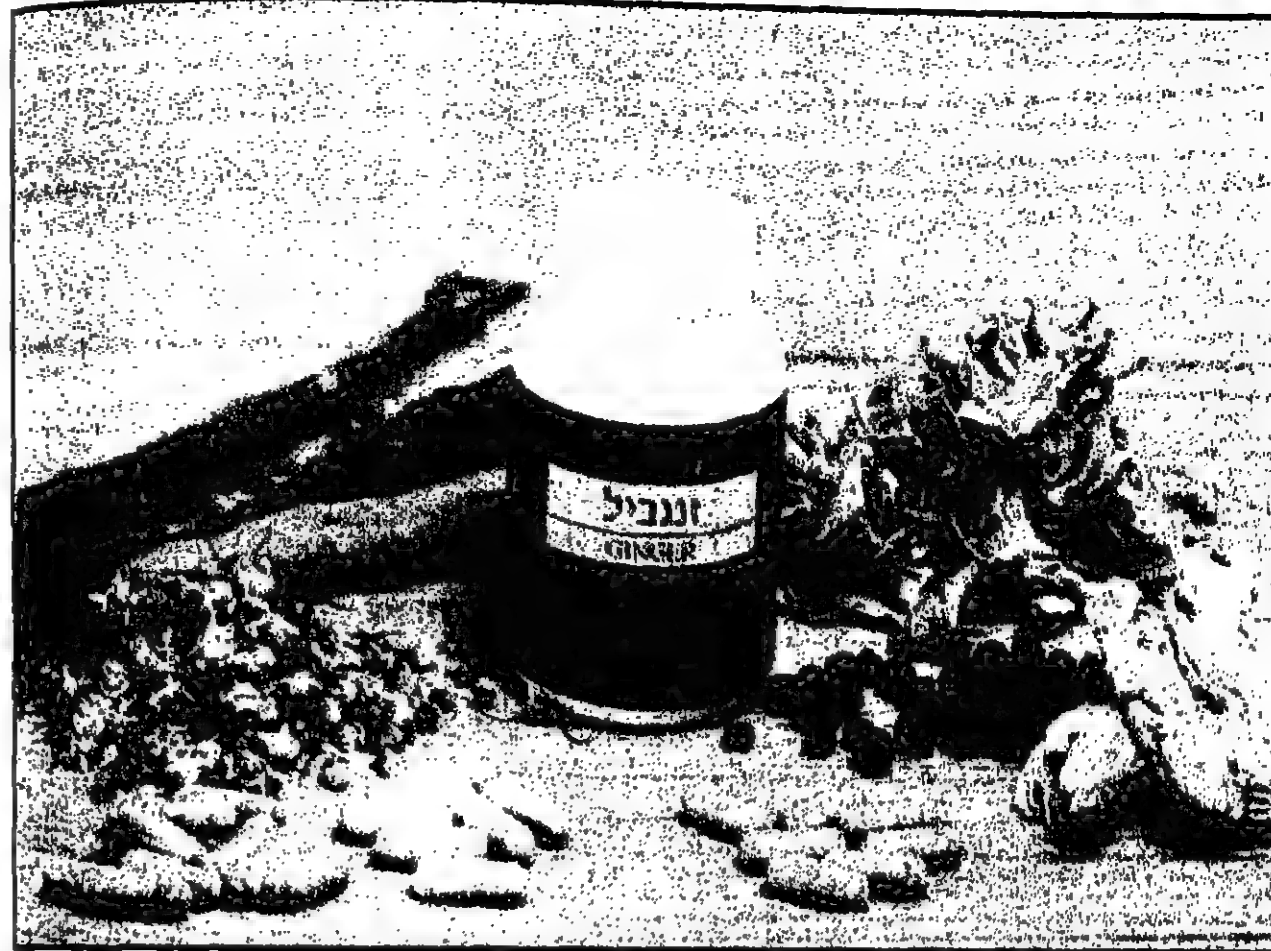
But even at the most basic level, much remains to be done. The descriptions of items in the exhibits are in Hungarian only.

There is no guide to the museum in English or Hebrew. *The Jewish Museum of Budapest*, edited by Ilona Benoschovsky (the museum's director for three decades prior to Turan) and Alexander Schelbov, a comprehensive guide in English published by Corvina in 1987, is not on sale inside the museum. (At a bookstore around the corner, on Slip Street, it is available for about NIS 22; a hawkler in front of the museum sells it for about NIS 25.)

But with his dramatist's flair, Turan sees the grander picture.

"I believe in love," he says. "If it is warm, [if it has] magnetism," it will achieve its aims of attracting Jews. "You can feel the magnetism."

The Vitamin Quandary



Herba Vit, one of a line of vitamins under Badatz supervision.

The marketplace has just been given a megadose of vitamins.

If you don't believe me, go into any branch of the Super-Pharm chain. You'll find a stand with rows upon rows of bottles from a company called American Vitamin, which Super-Pharm is representing here.

I counted over 70 types of American Vitamin's food supplements on the shelves; the importer says there are over 90 here in all. Some, like Vit-a-Day or Prenatalin, are fairly self-explanatory. Other names, like Dong Quai or Shark Cartilage, are baffling.

One of the most frequent label terms, "antioxidants" (also known as antioxidants) may be familiar to some consumers, but certainly not to most.

Reading product labels won't be much help. Because most vitamins and minerals are officially classified by the Health Ministry as foods and not medicines, they cannot make any health claims on their label, not even to explain why we should want to take them.

Sometimes manufacturers get around this with very little subtlety. Guess what's the intended benefit of an American Vitamin mix called "Thicket HR Vit," the label of which pictures the head of a man or woman with a prominent mane of hair. Just to make sure you get the message, the tablets are sold as a package deal with a hairbrush or a bottle of shampoo.

As I stood in Super-Pharm, surreptitiously making notes, a young sales hostess came up and asked if she could help. I said I was baffled by the variety and wouldn't begin to know what to choose.

Her first recommendation was a general one-a-day vitamin tablet. One assumes this is standard advice to everyone.

Then she asked if I suffer from anything in particular. When I mumbled something about a bit of arthritis, she said she'd look for something "anti-inflammatory" and/or "pain-reducing."

She wore the identification badge of Solgar, a competing company, which specializes in so-called natural vitamins and minerals. She soon turned to Solgar's

shelves, just behind us, in search of Quercetin Complex. It was out of stock.

Later, in Solgar's catalog, I read that it is "required for" the following: "Allergies, prevention of cataracts among people suffering from diabetes, serves as an antioxidant, anti-inflammatory and analgesic."

Casually, I mentioned to the sales hostess at Super-Pharm that I'd heard that certain vitamins could help prevent disease.

"Taking the bait immediately, she mentioned the 'antioxidant vitamins' — particularly B and beta carotene — as the appropriate choices to ward off cancer and heart disease. In the same breath, she praised 'natural vitamins,' such as those of Solgar, over those which are chemically synthesized."

SO WHAT'S all this about antioxidants?

I first heard the term when I was invited last month to a briefing for Super-Pharm employees at the Tel Aviv Hilton prior to the launch of the American Vitamin brand here.

A keynote speaker was Dr. Iddamarie Germann, a biologist on the staff of Hoffmann-LaRoche of Switzerland, which supplies raw materials to, and exchanges know-how with, American Vitamin.

Germann presented the theory as to how antioxidants are believed to help prevent heart disease and certain cancers, particularly cancer of the lungs, head and neck, esophagus and stomach.

The theory goes something like this: the bad guys are "free oxygen radicals" — molecules with an empty spot for an impaired electron. These free radicals can attach themselves to human cells, thereby changing the DNA and starting the growth of cancer.

The good guys are antioxidants. An antioxidant donates one of its electrons to a free radical, neutralizing it so it cannot damage a cell.

Germann said that if you have a good diet, you may have sufficient antioxidants. There is a strong relationship between people who eat a lot of fruits and vegetables and a lower incidence of the types of cancer listed above, she said.

She mentioned that the US National Cancer Institute recommends four or five

Can food supplements ward off cancer and heart disease? The verdict on this growing industry is still not in.

By Martha Meisels

servings a day of fruits and vegetables.

The next obvious step was to try and concentrate the protective factors into easy-to-take tablet and capsule form.

While conceding that further control studies still need to be done, Germann quoted a study from China which showed significantly lower cancer rates among test subjects given certain vitamins and minerals compared to control subjects given a placebo. She said some 30 such studies are going on at present around the world.

She also quoted a World Health Organization study showing a correlation between high blood levels of Vitamin C, beta carotene, and especially Vitamin E and a lower incidence of cardio-vascular disease (i.e. heart disease and stroke).

Without waiting for further studies, the vitamin manufacturers have gone ahead on the hypothesis that supplements of the so-called antioxidant vitamins — C, E, and beta carotene — can help prevent both heart disease and some types of cancer.

AND WHAT is the attitude toward antioxidants and disease prevention among medical experts who have no commercial ax to grind?

Prof. Shmuel Ben-Sasson of the Department of Experimental Medicine

and Cancer Research at the Hadassah/Hebrew University Medical School, says that "if you ask me, there is no clear answer yet. There's a lot of mythology, and a lot of interest groups."

On the positive side, he says that "the rationale behind the theory makes sense. As a working hypothesis, it is reasonable." The hypothesis is that oxidation can affect genetic material and introduce changes that might cause cancer.

But, he continues, "this is far from conclusive proof" that taking antioxidant vitamins can lower cancer risk.

In modern medicine, he says, proof that a treatment is effective must come from double-blind tests — that is, tests using the treatment with one group of subjects and a placebo (a dummy substitute) with another group. Similar controlled studies must be done also with respect to the causes of cancer. "We have to listen carefully to the actual data and not impose an overall hypothesis, no matter how logical it might sound."

He recalls that a study reported last year in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine* failed to find a reduction in the incidence of lung cancer in male smokers in Finland after five to eight years of dietary supplement of antioxidants (Vitamin B and beta carotene). In fact, the study unexpectedly found a higher incidence of cancer among the men who received beta carotene.

Ben-Sasson notes statistics show that American women of Japanese origin have a higher breast-cancer rate than their genetic peers in Japan. The American way of life has evidently raised their risk level. "But is it [cancer]? Is it hamburgers?" he asks rhetorically.

When it comes to vitamin tablets and cancer risks, Ben-Sasson recognizes that there are two factors pushing society to fast conclusions. On the one hand, there is human nature. "People want to take a pill and sleep peacefully." On the other, there are economic interests. Vitamins are megabusiness. In the vitamin market, he says, "out of every dollar spent by the companies, one-third is spent on advertising."

THE ISRAELI Cancer Association accepts the principle that there is something in vegetables and fruits which can lower risks for at least some kinds of cancer — but it is not convinced that this something has been successfully isolated and put into tablet or capsule form.

Shosh Gnn-Noy, spokeswoman of the ICA, says its position is that a healthy person who eats a healthful diet doesn't need food supplements. If for health reasons a person cannot eat enough fruits and vegetables, then a dietician or doctor should recommend the correct vitamin and mineral supplements in the proper dosage.

She points out that there are dangers in exaggerating the amounts of vitamins taken, especially those which accumulate in the body. Excesses of vitamins which are water soluble, such as Vitamin C and B-complex, are excreted in the urine. Vitamins which are fat-soluble — A, D, E and K — remain in the body. (Beta-carotene is called a precursor of Vitamin A, or a ProVitamin A, but not all of it converts to Vitamin A in the system, so there is said to be little danger of Vitamin A toxicity.)

Gann-Noy says there is a risk that people may think they are exempt from eating a healthful diet if they take vitamin pills. "It is also very expensive," she adds.

This spring, the ICA released a 20-page dietary advice and recipe booklet, under the professional guidance of Irit Poraz, director of nutrition and diet at the Schneider Children's Medical Center in Petah Tikva.

The booklet's basic philosophy is that a lifetime of eating fruits and vegetables can offer considerable protection against can-

cer, whereas vitamin and mineral supplements may not be an adequate substitute. It postulates that fresh produce may contain other beneficial natural substances not duplicated by vitamin pills.

The (Hebrew) booklet can be obtained free by phoning 03-571-7888.

A RECENT article in *The New York Times*, entitled "Health Factor in Vegetables Still Elusive," is yet another reason to take the current vitamin craze with a grain of salt.

It says researchers are today questioning whether it is indeed beta carotene which should be credited with antioxidant activity, or perhaps one or more of 40 or so other carotenoids which are prominent in fruits and vegetables. Recent evidence has suggested that carotenoids may be most powerful as a team, perhaps in combination with plant substances called phytochemicals.

This has led some experts to return to the old-fashioned advice to "eat your fruits and vegetables" — especially dark green, yellow-orange and red ones, the article said.

IF YOU nevertheless want to take vitamin and/or mineral supplements, why not get them through your health fund at subsidized prices?

Perhaps you can. It depends on your health fund and the type of supplement you think you need.

Two Maccabi Fund family physicians with whom I spoke said they generally prescribe vitamins only for the elderly, and in cases of specific need, such as people known not to be eating a proper diet. When they do, the patient pays only a fraction of the list price.

One of the doctors conceded that if a healthy patient of his demands vitamin supplements, he will prescribe them "to keep the patient happy."

What is prescribed in such a case is a one-a-day multivitamin of local manufacture.

My neighborhood pharmacist tells me that even Maccabi, one of the most liberal of the health funds, has a very limited selection of vitamin complexes on its subsidized list — and none of these features the new-fangled antioxidant composition. However, at least some antioxidant vitamins are present in any multi-vitamin complex.

Buying local vitamins even at full price without prescription is a fairly economical proposition. For instance, Pluvion vitamin and mineral supplement tablets by Sam-On of Bat Yam sell for about NIS 19 for a month's supply.

Most likely, the only risk in taking the in-vogue antioxidant vitamin/mineral supplements is to the pocketbook.

For instance, one of the worldwide best-sellers of the synthesized vitamin complexes is Centrum, by the US company Lederle, which has just come out with Centrum Plus — its response to the antioxidant craze.

It is labeled as a "multi-vitamin, multi-mineral supplement with beta carotene." It lists the antioxidant components as Vitamins E and C, selenium and zinc, as well as beta carotene.

Centrum Plus, by the way, is registered with the Health Ministry as a medicine, which means it could theoretically contain much higher doses of vitamins or minerals than it does. In most cases, it provides 100 percent of the US Recommended Daily Allowance (RDA) for 20 basic vitamins and minerals — those traditionally contained in Centrum tablets.

The "Plus" denotes the addition of beta carotene, as well as Vitamin K1 and seven minerals, including selenium.

One drawback to Centrum Plus is its price. A 30-tablet bottle lists for NIS 31.50, while the 100-tablet size is NIS 87. You're supposed to take one a day.

Virtually every pharmacy in the country carries Centrum Plus, but — to the best of my knowledge — you can't get it on a health-fund prescription.

It was on the back of a Centrum Plus brochure that I found a typical example of the everyone-needs-vitamins philosophy

FOOD OR MEDICINE?

The Health Ministry informs me that vitamin and mineral supplements are generally classified as food, following international custom. It adds that, in this field, "the distinction between a food and a medicine is determined by the strength of the vitamins and minerals."

The amount of any vitamin or mineral allowed in a tablet or capsule designated as food is RDA-2 — which means twice the US Recommended Daily Allowance. An exception is Vitamin D, which is limited to RDA-1.

A ministry committee is currently reexamining the definitions of "food" and "medicine," including the matter of where to place vitamins and minerals.

Under the present situation, there are quite a number of vitamin and mineral preparations produced by pharmaceutical companies and certified as "medicines" by the ministry's pharmacology department. This is a much longer and more painstaking procedure than having a product approved by the ministry's Food Administration for sale as a foodstuff.

In practice, vitamin and mineral compounds classified as "medicines" are usually no stronger than those categorized as "foods."

Often the very opposite is true. Megadoses of vitamins — in violation of the law — are most likely to be found in the natural food supplements sold widely in health-food shops. There is very little supervision over these products. — M.M.

of manufacturers. Under the heading "Who needs a vitamin and mineral supplement?" there appears the following list:

"People with faulty eating habits, who eat irregular meals and foods which are processed and preserved; people who lead an intensive life-style and are sometimes under stress; people on a diet; people who suffer from a chronic or acute disease, and after surgery; pregnant or breastfeeding women; women on birth-control pills; people who regularly take medications which can cause a deficiency and/or disturbances in absorption; people who follow a vegetarian or vegan diet; people aged 55 or over, who suffer from a gradual decline in the ability to absorb vitamins and minerals in the body; people who engage in intensive physical activity."

Is there anyone else?

Centrum Plus, which is imported by Neopharm, has been approved as kosher by Rabbi Levy-Yitzhak Halperin, director of the Institute for Science and Halacha in Jerusalem.

A rabbi whose specialty is kashrut tells me there are two theories about the kashrut of medicines, including vitamin and mineral supplements. One is that they do not require specific kashrut approval, because they are swallowed whole for health purposes, and not eaten in the manner of ordinary food.

The other position is that they do indeed require kashrut examination, because they may contain any number of problematic ingredients — such as meat and dairy components together, nonkosher meat and fish products, and nonkosher gelatin capsules.

He said that many religious Jews want to see a formal *hechsher* on a bottle of vitamin pills. In the US, there are some kosher brands; curiously, these are not necessarily the brands imported here.

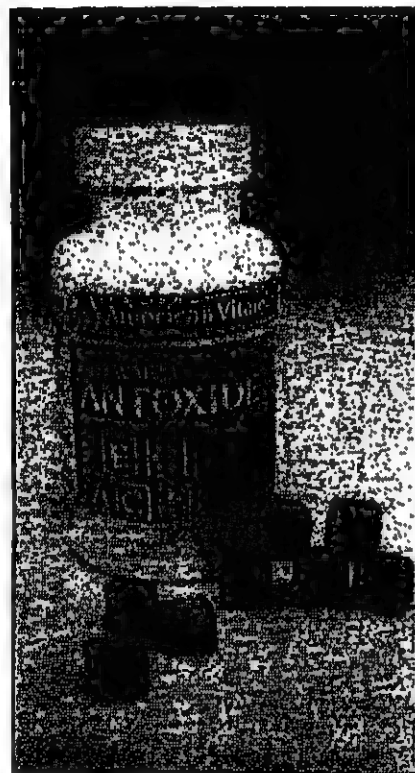
AMERICAN VITAMIN'S answer to Centrum is its product with the similar name of Quantum and a very similar composition. Its list price is only NIS 54.99 per 100 tablets — nearly 40 percent cheaper than Lederle's Centrum Plus. It contains "every vitamin and mineral in the US RDA and more." The "more" includes beta carotene, of course.

Super-Pharm says that American Vitamin offers the only chewable vitamins here with antioxidants. These are the Chewable Antioxidants, at NIS 32.99 for 60 tablets — in pink colada flavor for adults and chewing-gum flavor for children. The latter are shaped like building blocks.

Also for children are the Chewable AnimalPals, some with a choice of iron or calcium, at NIS 29.99 to NIS 39.99 for 100 tablets.

Importer Super-Pharm claims that its American Vitamins are, on the average, "20 to 30 percent cheaper" than other brands with similar formulas.

Other products expected to be popular here include its Quantum Golden, the antioxidant formula for golden-age, and Phyto Source with beta carotene, which is made entirely from highly-concentrated



Anti-oxidants are the new best-seller on the vitamin shelf.

vegetables, particularly tomatoes, broccoli and spinach.

American Vitamin has just begun negotiations to have its products certified as kosher.

THE SOLOAR brand, specializing in natural vitamins and minerals, has been on the market here for eight years, and is considered a best-seller among the natural vitamins. Virtually all pharmacies and health-food shops carry it.

Solgar directs its promotion to people in the medical and paramedical professions, mainly through lectures. Individuals who want information on its products can phone the toll-free number 177-022-9005 or 177-022-6100.

Solgar is also an American company, nearly 50 years old, and — like American Vitamin — says that all its products are made under pharmaceutical conditions, even though they are classified here as foods.

Alex Ma'or, general manager of Ambrosia of Haifa, which imports Solgar, explains that "natural" means that "the ingredients in the tablets and capsules are natural, although the production methods are industrial." He insists that natural-source vitamins are superior to those chemically synthesized.

Sometimes the very molecular structure is different, he says. In Vitamin E and beta carotene, he says, "you can see a big difference between the synthetic molecule and the natural molecule." He also claims you can detect a greater rise of the substance in the blood when you take a natural vitamin.

With Vitamin C, he concedes, "it's hard to see the difference" between the natural and synthesized molecule. "But if you have

a natural option, why take a synthetic option?"

The makers of synthetic vitamins argue that the body recognizes no difference between synthesized and natural ones.

Ma'or admits that, in general, natural vitamins are more expensive than synthetic ones.

Personally, he seems to have no doubt that "megadoses of antioxidant vitamins can prevent cancer and heart disease."

He scoffs at the low levels in the US RDA. "We don't believe in RDA. No one believes in RDA anymore. That's just the minimum amount the body needs in order not to display clinical symptoms of a vitamin or mineral deficiency."

He refers to the RDA's 60 milligrams of Vitamin C as "a joke."

"Maybe you won't have scurvy, but you'll have cancer at the age of 50," he quipped.

Because he believes megadoses are called for, Ma'or says you'll never get enough from food alone. "You won't ever get 200 International Units a day of Vitamin E from food," he says, "but only by taking supplements."

He argues vehemently that "the public has a right to know" about the value of vitamin megadoses, and postulates that we should not rely on health information which comes from "sources who make a living from illness" — that is, the medical establishment.

Curiously, Solgar products sold here do not have kashrut certification, though Solgar claims it was influential in the development of Vegicaps, which it calls "the first capsule manufactured from vegetable fiber." It calls "thaminal gelatin, an innovation of great importance to vegetarians and Jews who observe kashrut, beyond its greater solubility."

The local distributor says that only some of the capsules sold by Solgar here — those of the firmer type, which can come apart in two pieces — are the vegetarian Vegicaps. The softer Solgar capsules are made of animal-origin gelatin. Ma'or said that there has been no problem marketing Solgar products to Israel, "even in Bnei Brak," despite their lack of a *hechsher*. He says that products taken "not for pleasure" do not need one.

Within the US, Solgar itself makes a line of kosher-certified vitamins for distribution under a private label, but these are not imported here.

Consumers who require strictly kosher products might be interested to know that a small Tel Aviv manufacturer, Herba Center, has a line of food supplements called Herba Vit under *badatz* kashrut certification of the Eda Haradil of Jerusalem. Its capsules are the Vegicaps. For more information about Herba Vit products, contact the company at 03-527-3602.

AS I WAS putting the finishing touches on this article, the Associated Press from Chicago reported on a study published last week in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. It appears to show that megadoses of Vitamin E may slow the development of fatty deposits, or plaque, in arteries around the heart.

The study involved 156 men with existing heart disease, some of whom were taking 100 to 450 International Units a day of Vitamin E on their own initiative. Over a two-year period, these men showed less plaque buildup than those on lower doses of the vitamin.

The AP story said the RDA of Vitamin E for men is only 15 units. (A slightly different version of the RDA chart, known as the US RDA, puts the recommendation for Vitamin E at 30 units.)

The director of the Arteriosclerosis Research Unit at the University of Southern California, who headed the study, said more research is needed to prove whether Vitamin E can actually slow or block heart disease.

In other words, the verdict is still not in.

Archival Evidence

OUT OF THE RED SHADOWS: Anti-Semitism in Stalin's Russia by Gennadi Kostyrchenko. Amherst, New York, Prometheus Books. 334 pp. \$24.95.

BERIA: Stalin's First Lieutenant by Amy Knight. Princeton University Press. 310 pp. \$18.

SOVIET CAMP SPEECH by M. Geller. Jerusalem, Magnes Press, Hebrew University. 259 pp. \$22.

By Alexander Zvielli

Gennadi Kostyrchenko is a senior researcher at the Russian Center for the Preservation and Study of Modern History Documents (which includes papers from the former Central Communist Party secret archives). His research, based on authentic extant documentation, establishes conclusively that, at the same time that Soviet Jews were fighting valiantly against fascism in World War II, Stalin and his cronies sought to suppress and eliminate all free manifestations of Soviet Jewish life.

Quoting from thousands of recently declassified papers, Kostyrchenko provides evidence of Soviet attempts to enforce assimilation while simultaneously purging Jews from all official positions.

Even while the Soviet Union was fighting the battle of Stalingrad, official Communist bodies launched a Russification campaign and a "national personnel control" drive to eliminate Jews from Soviet culture. A secret report on "Selection and Promotion in the Arts" revealed that a vast number of artists, writers, composers and musicians were Jewish. They were all, according to the report, responsible for deviations from the official party line and placed the naive Russian staff in an extremely difficult situation.

The campaign for the "Purity of Russian Art," an obvious euphemism for state-sponsored antisemitism, quickly spread in other directions, affecting the state bureaucracy and the free professions. Both the 1939 non-aggression pact with Germany and the German invasion and occupation of vast territories in eastern Europe led to an increase in antisemitic propaganda.

Nevertheless, Stalin for a while during the war and immediately after the war turned in those antisemites who were only too willing to get rid of their Jewish colleagues. After the German invasion, he even created the Jewish anti-Fascist Committee whose role it was to curry favor with the West (and Western Jewry) and win assistance for the Soviet war effort.

After the war was over, Stalin had to reckon with international sympathy for the Jews. He was interested in the creation of the State of Israel on his terms, and in diminishing British influence in the Middle East. He had also to consider the fact that in 1946 there were 202,878 Jewish members of the Communist Party, out of the total of 5,513,649. There were also, against his predictions, many much-decorated Red Army Jewish veterans.

STALIN HAD thus, in the wake of his victory, initially refrained from a frontal attack on the slowly expanding Jewish national movement. Kostyrchenko



Stalin and members of the Communist Party Central Committee. Inset and second from Stalin's left, Beria, chief of Secret Police.



describes in great detail the role (and the final demise) of the Jewish anti-Fascist Committee, the Jewish hopes of being resettled in the Crimea, and the tragedy of those who wished to resettle in the former Nazi-occupied territories.

The writer located numerous documents describing the intrigues leading to the murder of Mikhoels and other Jewish artists, poets, writers, and activist leaders. Journalists who were formerly ordered to write under their assumed Russian-sounding names were denounced for hiding their true names. Whereas previously it was known in general terms what went on, the precise details have now surfaced.

Jews who had been sent abroad to plead the Soviet cause were subsequently accused of wishing to separate Jewish Crimea from the rest of the union and assassinated. The open attack on "Cosmopolitans" put an end to the Crimean and Birobidzhan options of Jewish settlement. Furthermore, it was followed by an escalation of anti-Jewish purges culminating, in 1953, in the Stalin-fabricated "Doctors' Plot."

The Doctors' Plot was a direct consequence of an intensified antisemitic mood and Stalin's growing paranoia. Following the antisemitic purges at the Leningrad Institute of Experimental Medicine, the main criterion for scientific credibility changed from expertise to nationality. Because of their importance in Soviet society, the direct attack against doctors, most of whom were Jewish, was understood as an all-out campaign against Soviet Jewry. Subsequently more and more Russian professionals took advantage of Jewish dismissals to further their own careers, just as in Nazi Germany.

Stalin's death in March 1953 saved Soviet Jewry. Beria, the new minister of internal affairs, thought that a more liberal and humanist facade might increase his popularity. Beria also wanted to discredit the former leadership, but was killed nine months after Stalin.

The doctors were finally rehabilitated, while on July 7, 1954, Ryumin, the former vice-minister for state security, was executed. But other high officials responsible for the plot were not punished, and the steady process of Jewish exclusion from the universities, free professions and government or party posts continued.

Kostyrchenko says the new Russia must recover from the fear of "International Zionism" and take its place among the civilized nations.

LAVRENTI BERIA, Stalin's top executioner, deserves to be remembered as another Himmler for the terror and death he spread throughout the Soviet Union. His executioners distinguished themselves during Stalin's purges by killing or sentencing to the Gulag millions of innocent victims. Beria's professional henchmen had to fulfill their daily quotas, so there was no escape for "enemies of the people," their families and friends.

Beria, who looked like a bank clerk, performed his grim tasks with sensual pleasure. Raping young girls who had been taken from Moscow's streets and breaking bones to extract confessions were part of his daily routine.

Beria was Stalin's alter ego. Both came from poor, rural Georgian families and, having lost their fathers at an early age, had been brought up by strict mothers. Both used the revolution as a means of advancing their private interests and ambitions.

Beria constantly reminded Stalin of their common origins, and would speak to him in Georgian in front of others. Recognizing Stalin's insatiable need for praise (no doubt to compensate for his deep-seated insecurity), Beria flattered him endlessly, thus serving his own career and ensuring his comparative safety.

Amy Knight, a senior research analyst at the Library of Congress, has written a largely absorbing biography of Beria. Her

work, substantiated by recently available sources, probes deeply into the general history of the Soviet Union.

Knight explains how the revolution turned sour, and how the "dictatorship of the proletariat" turned into a rule of terror by professional thugs. Beria's career shows how slipshod operators and self-seekers were able to railroad the few sincere revolutionaries and place a whole continent at their mercy.

The Beria gang may have projected the image of a rational bureaucracy; as it happens, Beria's efficiency in organizing the Gulag and setting up the Soviet Union's nuclear program was remarkable. But in reality, Beria and his associates were embittered, sadistic hypocrites.

Nothing was sacred — neither human life nor history, both of which were contemptuously cheapened while propaganda ruled supreme. Beria had a fair chance of succeeding Stalin, but was outwitted by the more lucky, scheming Khrushchev. Accused of treason, Beria was shot in December 1953. His name was erased from the *Soviet Encyclopedia* (and replaced with an entry on the Bering Sea). He became a nonperson, as if he had never existed.

The documents from the former Soviet archives allow a new historiography of the Stalinist period, but the documents alone can hardly reflect the enormous tragedy of the purges, of life under terror, mass executions and slavery in the Gulag. It is to the author's credit that she at least tries to present us with an accurate description of all the horrors of this particular time.

MEYER GELLER spent over 10 years in the Gulag for "counterrevolutionary activities." His dictionary offers us a Russian-English glossary of the Gulag jargon which was as old as the camps themselves.

Millions of Soviet victims, many of whom spent the better parts of their lives in the Gulag, expressed themselves in a secret language. Their speech included the administration's standard legal jargon, the secret epithets of prisoners and various obscenities vastly enriched by phrases from non-Russian Soviet languages.

The Trouble With Harry

THE MERCHANT PRINCE OF POVERTY ROW by Bernard F. Dick. University Press of Kentucky. 218 pp. Price not stated.

By David Isaacson

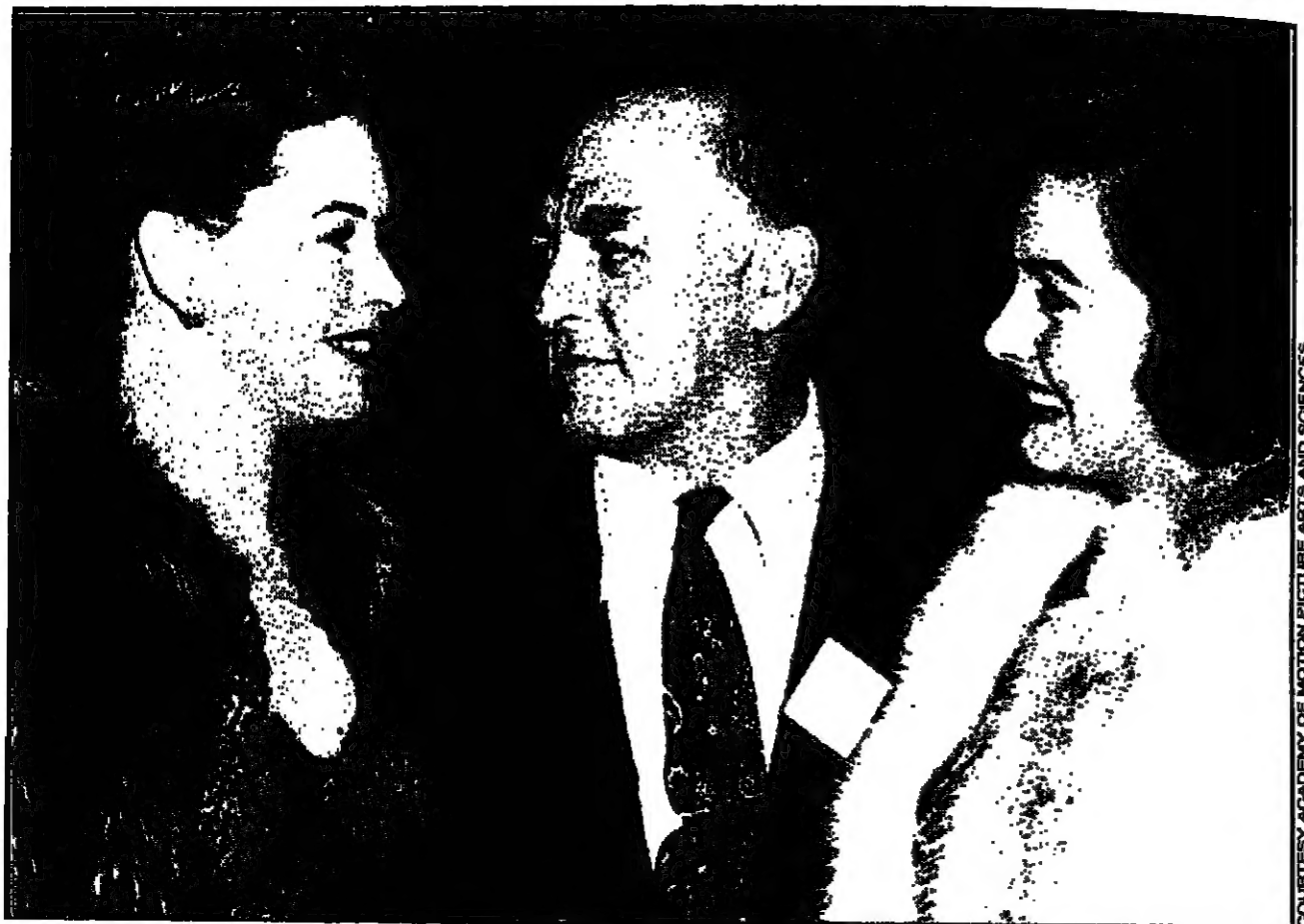
Harry Cohn was the most notorious of Hollywood's hard men. Writer Ben Hecht called him "White Fang," and Clifford Odets reputedly based his powerful screenplay of the 1955 movie *The Big Knife* on Cohn's megalomaniacal antics. Yet it is typical of this biography that Bernard Dick describes Cohn as the model for the more sanitized character of junk-dealer-made-good Harry Brock in the Broadway hit *Born Yesterday*. (Cohn produced the movie version in 1950.) Given that "there are probably more stories about Harry Cohn than about any other studio head except Sam Goldwyn," it's a shame that Dick concentrates on Columbia Studios rather than the man himself.

Early in the century, Cohn worked variously as a pool-hall hustler, trolley-car conductor, nickelodeon performer, song-plugger, musical shorts producer and traveling exhibitor. But Dick writes very little of these years.

When Columbia Studios began life as Hall Room Boys Photoplays Inc., Harry and older brother Jack were quick to use their marketing skills. They prepared elaborate press kits and arranged for personal appearances by the eponymous Boys Eddie Flanagan and Neely Edwards. While Dick records that "Harry's prodigality and Jack's conservatism" did not make for a happy partnership, it seems that Harry's lust for power would have swept away any potential rival.

Yet, for all Cohn's prodigality, the studio was never in the red while he was in charge. (In the 1930s, Fox's budget for a set could equal Columbia's cost for an entire movie.)

Throughout the 1920s, Harry was jostling for control. His brother's ally Joe Brandt "may have been a studio president, but Harry was a studio czar." By the early '30s, Harry had bought out both his brother and Brandt. Dick sniffs at the Hollywood mythology according to which Harry obtained \$500,000 from gangsters "Longie" Zwillman and Johnny Roselli. True or not, Jack and Brandt were confined to the oblivion of New York, and Columbia



became Harry's personal fiefdom.

A large part of the studio's success in the 1930s was due to the screwball comedies directed by Frank Capra, such as *It Happened One Night* and *You Can't Take It With You*. In these "romantic comedies with a social dimension," America was portrayed as "not just a melting pot but a crucible in which everything becomes gold." Lest anyone should doubt Cohn's creative role, Dick describes him as Capra's alter-ego. "While Capra's signature was unique, another's [Cohn's] hovered over it, dissolving into it so that the two hands became one."

Similarly, when making *From Here To Eternity* in 1953, Cohn would argue with writer Daniel Taradash over, for example, the difference between "proper," which Taradash preferred, and "respectable." On this occasion, the writer won.

But Cohn's main claim to fame was the fear he inspired. Studio heads had a reputation for rewarding docile stars with

choice roles and punishing the disobedient with suspension, but Cohn's bullying went beyond the paternalistic. "If he sensed weakness (which he despised), he would not relent until he destroyed every vestige of the person's self-worth."

When it came to education, Cohn sported not just a chip but an entire block on his shoulder. "In view of his limited education, Harry felt he had the right to belittle those (chiefly producers) who had not only high school diplomas but also college and postgraduate degrees."

His relations with women were similarly maladroit. If the occasion when he pursued the wife of writer Budd Schulberg round his desk, "tearing at her clothes," conforms to the stereotype of the libidinous Hollywood movie mogul, his dealings with the actress Evelyn Keyes reveal the twist in his psyche. By 1951, Keyes could no longer put up with his accusations of promiscuity and was in effect hounded out of the studio. Eventually, "she realized

those tantrums were his pathetic way of expressing love." As Keyes said, "What he was really doing was proposing."

In dealing with the production code, Cohn had a great advantage. It was not difficult to outwit its vulgar, puritanical head, Joe Breen, as "there was no question of descending to Breen's level; Harry was already there."

In Cohn's last years, Columbia produced two of the greatest movies ever made—*On The Waterfront* and *The Bridge On The River Kwai*. Typically, Cohn disliked them both as he had no control over them.

One of the Jews who invented Hollywood, Cohn was the only studio head to be both bar mitzvah and (on the insistence of his Catholic convert wife) posthumously baptized. This dry, informative biography includes a transcript of the moving eulogy written by Clifford Odets and delivered by Danny Kaye at his funeral. Beyond the grave, Cohn was still mixing genres.

World War II America, the authors note that the dislike of Jews during that period was much more widespread and acceptable. Nonetheless, the constraints they ate still operated.

After the war, of course, such sentiments were no longer as fashionable. However, Lipset and Raab omit a great deal from their appraisal of what kept the American antisemitic movement from gaining a stronger foothold.

They don't talk about FDR's singularly conspicuous role. Nor do they refer to the skill with which Roosevelt's FBI weakened those sympathetic to the Nazi cause. Things might have turned out differently, as a political scientist of Lipset's stature must surely know.

Vigilance and caution with regard to antisemitism are both still advised. But, add Lipset and Raab, unless unlikely historical upheavals seriously disrupt the American social fabric, anti-Jewish feeling is increasingly unlikely to be of serious consequence.

Theirs is a nice assessment, and a very well argued one at that. It has just one notable hitch. All too often history rudely reminds us that about the only thing that can't ever be expected from it is calm continuity.

Golan Guide

GUIDE TO THE GOLAN HEIGHTS (Israeli Landscapes: Volume 1) by Aviva Bar-Am and Yisrael Shalem. Published by the authors, 329/27 Sprinzak, Safed, 13351. 149 pp. NIS 45.

By Greer Fay Cashman

The very title suggests a book that should interest the collector no less than the enthusiastic traveler. For who knows under whose sovereignty the Golan Heights will be in 1996. Politics and other, extraneous considerations aside, this book will appeal to all nature lovers with a sense of adventure and an appreciation of history.

Based on the popular weekly columns which Aviva Bar-Am used to write for *The Jerusalem Post*, it is a concise, do-it-yourself guide to the Golan Heights and environs, with directions on how to get there and recommendations on what to do and what to look for once there.

Starting with an easy-to-read map which pinpoints routes and numerous points of interest from Tsemach Junction, at the southern tip of the Kinneret, all the way to the northernmost borders, the book is a great help for families and individuals on the road.

A table showing what one can expect to find during the different seasons is an instant aid in helping one to decide where and when to hike.

But even more important are the sections on types of walks, and the tips and safety precautions. Hiking through the Golan can be physically taxing, and Bar-Am and Shalem have therefore divided the trails into family walks, which may require a little exertion, but which are generally quite navigable; roadstips, which are easily accessible and can be undertaken with little or no physical effort; and difficult off-the-track treks.

With the Golan Heights so frequently in the news as both a strategic security area and an important piece on the chessboard of Middle East peace, the visitor who is unfamiliar with the terrain tends to be amazed and delighted to find how tranquil it is.

Yet the Golan, like any mountainous area, is not without its dangers, and even the most experienced hikers can get lost if they stray from marked paths. Thus the three pages devoted to tips and safety precautions are much more than mere words of the wise who have been there many times and know what it's all about. Some of the information could be regarded as life-saving.

For example, hikers are advised to leave a note on the windshield of their car, stating departure time, route, number of hikers and their names. This will make it easier for rescue teams to find anyone who has not returned by nightfall.

Equally important is the warning not to dive or jump into pools because there may be rocks just below the surface of the water.

If there is anything to criticize in this book, it is the graphics. There could have been more photographs than the 26 contributed by Shmuel Bar-Am, which live on the pages. Otherwise, it is a remarkable collection of biblical and talmudic references, combined with anecdotes relating to comparatively recent history, as well as observations about what the eye can see, and where a hungry and weary body can find food and accommodation.

Many of the chapters are written from the vantage point of a walker, so that the reader consulting this book on-site gets the impression that her guide is actually there.

הגולן הוא אזור מיוחד במינו, המציע למבקרים רחבי יד, הן מבחינה טבעית והן מבחינה תרבותית. הספר 'הגולן' מאת אביבה בר-אם וישראל שלם, הוא מדריך מעולה למבקרים, המספק מידע חשוב על ההיסטוריה, הטבע והתרבות של האזור. הספר כולל גם מפות ומידע פרקטי על דרכים, מלונות ומסעדות. זהו ספר חובה לכל מי שמבקש להכיר את הגולן באופן מעמיק.



From the cover of 'Cathedra', No.75.

READING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

BY JEFF GREEN

The variety, quantity and quality of Hebrew books about Israel is powerful testimony to this society's desire to understand itself. The history of Zionism is a scholarly mine field, since many ideological conflicts remain unresolved. Earlier accounts of this period have tended to be partisan, either celebrating the accomplishments of founding fathers or berating their errors. The Bialik Institute and the Israel Academy for Sciences and Humanities have now published Volume 2 of *Toldot Hayishuv Hayehudi Be'erez Yisrael Me'uz Ha'aliya Harishona* ("The History of the Jewish Community in Eretz Yisrael Since 1882"), edited by Moshe Lissak.

This 710-page volume covers the British Mandate period and is divided into sections, each written by an authoritative scholar in the field. Anita Shapira of Tel Aviv University produced the introductory chapter, "The Politics of the Jewish Community in Palestine, 1918-1939"; Moshe Lissak of the Hebrew University wrote a section about immigration and absorption; Yoav Gelber of Haifa University contributed "The Consolidation of Jewish Society in Eretz Yisrael, 1936-1947"; Shmuel Dotan of Beit Berl College described the internal politics of the Jewish community; and Yossef Gomy of Tel Aviv University wrote the concluding chapter, "The Voluntary Zionist System on Trial."

This volume is based on decades of detailed research by many scholars, including the authors themselves, and offers a synthetic overview of the period.

Aside from the pitfall of ideological agendas, these historians had to overcome another problem: People take success for

granted. Under adverse conditions the Zionist movement managed to gather together a polyglot and disparate population with no recent experience in running their own country, to create viable institutions, and to forge a new society and ultimately a state. Since all this happened, it now seems almost inevitable. After only a short time with this book, one recalls how hard and uncertain the struggle was.

CATHEDRA, the attractive quarterly published by Yad Izhak Ben-Zvi, presents a broad variety of specific papers from which, eventually, another synthesis will be made. The articles range in interest from Yaron Zvi Eliav's "Did the Jews at First Abstain from Using the Roman Bath-House?" to Dafna Ofer's "Immigration and Aliya: New Aspects of Jewish Policy," which deals with conflicts between Jewish organizations that sought to allow oppressed Jews to migrate wherever they could be settled, and the Zionist organizations, which wanted them all to come to Palestine, later Israel. Rechav Rubin's article, "From Pictorial to Scientific Maps of Jerusalem," cleverly documents the growth of scientific objectivity over more than two centuries of printed cartography.

People often confuse Yad Izhak Ben-Zvi, which is devoted to the study of Eretz Yisrael, and the Ben-Zvi Institute, which is devoted to the study of Oriental Jewry—a confusion encouraged by their both being housed in what was the residence of Israel's first president in Jerusalem's Rehavia neighborhood. The Ben-Zvi Institute publishes *Pe'anim*, a scholarly journal about Oriental Jewry, edited by Shalom Ratzabi. The recent issue of *Pe'anim* is based on a May 1994 conference on Jewish-Muslim relations at the institute and contains, among other things, a comparative study of Jewish and Islamic poetry and law.

THE Institute for Israeli Arab Studies at Beit Berl regularly publishes scholarly works such as the recent *Yom Ve'od Yom* ("Day After Day"), a study of unemployment among Arabs in Israel by As Alrab. The first part of the book is a general survey of the unemployment problem, which

is much more severe among Israel's Arabs than among the Jewish population, and the second part is a detailed study in the Galilee Arab town of Shfar'am. On a happier note, the same institute has also published *Mabruk* (the Arabic equivalent of *mazel tov*), a study of wedding culture among Israeli Arabs by Adel Manna and Kussai Haj-Yehia. This is a descriptive and analytical anthropological study, concluding with a chapter entitled "A Culture in Transition," summing up the conflicts between tradition and modernity as reflected in weddings.

ETHIOPIAN immigrants to Israel have undergone an abrupt and traumatic transition. Shmuel Yelma, a young man who came here from Ethiopia at the age of 11 and has already achieved considerable success, has written a personal account called *Haderech Liyerushalayim* ("The Road to Jerusalem"), published by Reshafim. The book tells how he began life in an African village and has, so far, served as an officer in the IDF, nearly completed a college degree, and begun to help other Ethiopian immigrants to organize and make their way in this society. In the second part of the book, Yelma takes up the case histories of several Ethiopian Jewish families.

Jerusalem, Yelma's destination, has been so much photographed that one almost wants to call for an international moratorium on such activity. Yet Shai Ginoi, one of Israel's leading art photographers, has put together a book, *Makom Balev - Yerushalayim* ("A Place in the Heart - Jerusalem"), published by the Ministry of Defense and Yad Izhak Ben-Zvi, proving that a sensitive and creative viewer can always bring out something new. Interspersed with short and unobtrusive literary passages, Ginoi's vividly colored images show the people and places of the city with tact and clarity. Her range is broad, extending from candid shots like that of a boy having his ear pierced, to one of three young sisters in identical dresses and patent leather shoes, trailing behind their mother, and to architectural and landscape pictures. She is especially good at catching light and shadow as they merge into each other at the end of the day.

AS THE summer grows hotter, tourists who can put the trip off till later probably won't be heading to the southern part of the country. When the weather cools off, they can benefit from the new book published by the Israel Exploration Society in cooperation with the Israel Antiquities Authority: *Eilat Yeha'arava*, subtitled *Studies in the Archeology, History, and Geography of Eilat and the Arava*. This is a collection of more than 25 articles by a large number of writers. The archeological section, which is the longest in the book, begins with a survey by Benno Rothenberg of the work done here in the past 30 years and contains articles with such titles as "Iron-Age Settlements in the Negev as an Expression of the Struggle between Edom, Judea and Israel over Borders and Routes," by Zeev Meshel. There are also sections on the area's geology and recent history. The book concludes with a look toward the future: "Ancient Sites in the Eilat Area and their Value for Tourism," by Uzi Avner.

Human beings are not alone in the Land of Israel; we share the place with many types of animals, as is evident from the second volume of *Lexikon Hahai Velutameah shel Eretz Yisrael* ("Lexicon of Plants and Animals of the Land of Israel") published by the Society for the Protection of Nature and the Ministry of Defense. The entire lexicon is edited by Azaria Alon, and this volume, on animals, is written and edited by Micha Levine. It contains 583 entries and many excellent color photographs. In addition to descriptions of individual animals, giving their size, coloring, habitat, eating habits, etc., the book also contains general articles about families and classes of animals. The editors have stretched their criteria somewhat to include creatures such as elephants and ostriches, which once roamed these parts but now appear only in local zoos, but I'm not complaining.

American Uncertainties

JEWES AND THE NEW AMERICAN SCENE by Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab. Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press. 239 pp. \$22.50.

By Nachman Spiegel

Back in 1988, Steven Cohen's *American Assimilation or Jewish Survival?* came under serious scrutiny here. We were troubled by the ease with which contradictory conclusions could be plucked from Cohen's surveys of the condition of American Jewry. "There is a lighthouse beaming beyond the fog," we observed, "but he won't venture to name the port."

Jews and the New American Scene belongs to the same "Whither American Jewry?" genre as Cohen's earlier study. Here, however, many of the same ambiguities are less annoying.

Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab simply manage to construct a much

stronger case for the necessity of uncertainty, given the nature of the prevailing dynamics within American society. They illustrate just how these forces function, not only on Jews, but on almost every new group to come along (African Americans being the main exception).

In each instance, the same absence of barriers and discrimination that enable people to partake of the American dream are also what encourage a sense of commonality with others.

As the lines of separation between "us" and "them" fade, intermarriage increases, our need to be different weakens, and more traditions go by the wayside.

Lipset and Raab refer to this process with a variety of mostly predictable metaphors, "double-edged sword," and "well meaning culprit" among them. Even Steven Cohen's own "arichoke syndrome," whereby success in America strips Jews of their special identity layer by layer, gets mentioned.

Nor do the ironies end there. A besieged Israel and tangibly virulent antisemitism

tend temporarily to slave off or at least slow down the voracious assimilation monster gobbling us away. Bach does so, in the authors' view, by bolstering the need American Jews have to rally around or be united by a defensive identity.

One day Israelis may become commonplace on the streets of Damascus. Antisemitism could become as unfashionable as smoking in American public places. As these developments occur, American Jews will have far fewer reasons to put up their dukes. Or to don tallitot. Or to get rid of their 16-year-olds for the summer by sending them off to Israel on USY Pilgrimage or some other august odyssey.

The way Lipset and Raab treat antisemitism is rather curious. Not that they whitewash the problem in any way. They acknowledge that, for around five percent of the American population, Jews will remain a prime target for scorn. What they focus on instead are the mechanisms for constraint, which keep these groups in their proper place at the outermost fringes. When they discuss antisemitism in pre-

Invisible Photographer

LEON LEVINSTEIN: The Moment of Exposure by Bob Shamis. Ottawa. National Gallery of Canada. 108 pp., with 72 duotone reproductions. Price not stated.

By David Brauner

H.G. Wells and fiction aside, it has been said that the first invisible man would be the greatest photographer who ever lived. Leon Levinstein, though he was not exactly an invisible photographer, certainly went unnoticed, in more ways than one.

Levinstein was a New York street photographer for 40 years. He had the uncanny ability to bring his camera within inches of his subjects, apparently without their being aware that they were being photographed.

Sadly for him, his greatness as a photographer and artist was also hardly noticed during his lifetime. He simply slipped through the fingers of the makers and breakers, the curators and critics, of the photographic world.

Even in dying he was invisible - the exact date of his death is unknown. "More than two years after his death, people who had once been close friends did not know that he had died," writes Bob Shamis in his definitive biographical essay in *The Moment of Exposure*, published by the National Gallery of Canada to coincide with their recent Levinstein retrospective.

The book gives the photographer's official birth date as September 20, 1910; however, some relatives pump for a 1908 date: Levinstein himself, from around the time he was 40, claimed to have been born in 1913.

He was born in Buckhannon, West Virginia. His was the only Jewish family in a small town, where his Orthodox, Lithuanian-born father's department store was the largest business. Eventually, Levinstein's mother moved the family to Baltimore, Maryland, effectively separating herself and the children from their entrepreneurial husband and father.

Leon, the second of four children, distinguished himself early on as "the arty one," and "the oddball." He spent hours drawing in his room.

It is perhaps not surprising, then, that Levinstein supported himself throughout his life as a graphic designer and layout artist. He rarely took on professional pho-

tographic assignments.

By nature he was a loner, the sort of solitary figure his acquaintances, and even his few close friends, could know for years and not know anything about. He never married.

Around 1941 Levinstein bought his first camera, a medium format twin-lens Rolleiflex, from a German Jewish refugee, "because he liked the sound of the name." He did not, however, seriously take pictures until he moved to New York in 1946. The streets of New York became his studio. During every spare moment - his lunch hour, when he was employed; in between freelance jobs; and on weekends - he haunted Times Square, the Lower East Side and the Coney Island beaches for "that one shot."

From the early '60s he worked with a quiet 35 mm. Leica. His technique was no secret, but won't be revealed here. Suffice it to say that his advice was, "Look like a tourist." Apparently, he was never afraid to expose himself to real physical danger; "playing it safe" was not for him.

To enrich his practical work, Levinstein studied art theory and painting (he was never a very accomplished painter), and participated in photography courses and talking shops, especially with Sid Grossman and Lisette Model.

Although Levinstein resisted commenting directly on his own work, his art training provided him with a useful language to direct and develop his attitude to photography: "Never speak mildly or softly. I don't think any photographer should... It should be loud and clear."

After he was knocked down by a car in 1985, he was never the same again. Later, he was kicked in the head while struggling with a mugger. His death, sometime in December 1988, left the world with a legacy of thousands of untitled, undated and uncatalogued prints in deteriorating Kodak and Agfa boxes.

Levinstein's corpus reveals a passionate devotion to photographing the human condition, perhaps unparalleled in the history of involved street photography. He fills each frame, cropping away almost all background context, leaving nothing but the projected message of one being to another as captured through the lens of a third.

The images are bleak, depicting sleepers, walkers and standers without any sentimentality or judgment, often reflecting Levinstein's own deep sense of solitude and alienation.

His pioneering artistry was not that he redefined the meaning of "portrait" by fre-



Central Park, New York, 1974.

quently excluding faces from his images. Rather, he highlighted a mouth in anger, idle hands, smoldering cigarettes, a band-aid, a walking stick - all pointing to the primary imperfections of human life.

He often represented his street people at unstable angles, as though they were off-balance, falling, or being pulled up, down or sideways. His photography not only shows people as they are, but also states the direction in which they are going.

Why, then, was Levinstein not recognized in his own time? In the American art critic Max Kozloff's appreciation, also included here, several reasons are suggested. For one thing, New York is not America. For another, Levinstein's very Jewish compassion and liberalism were

individualistic and esoteric and not understood by the larger population.

It was clear, even to Levinstein, that New York street life was disappearing right under his lens. As the photographer said, "Nothing in New York changes for the better." He was simply taking his pictures at the wrong time. Tastes changed, but Levinstein's work remained stubbornly uniform throughout the years.

But it seems that the most plausible reason for the neglect was Levinstein himself. As one gallery owner put it: "He slammed every door that opened, and the dismal thought once crossed my mind that success would come to Levinstein...once he was no longer around to stand in its way."

In the last few years become the most important phenomenon among the Israeli Arab minority and poised today on the brink of breaking its taboo against having anything to do with Knesset elections, it is worth quoting Rekhes's conclusion that "the future of the Islamic Movement in Israel depends on its skillful balancing act, to go on with the relentless Islamization of Israeli Moslems in their personal conduct and their community life while keeping political action and ideological propaganda at a level compatible with the realities of their situation."

If one factors in the claim advanced by Prof. Nadim Rouhana of Boston University that Jewish researchers in the field have consistently missed the point about Arab identity in Israel, which "lacks any sentimental dimension," and that Israeli Arabs have instead clearly chosen to accentuate their Palestinian identity, it should be clear that the Arab-Jewish relationship is in for some stormy weather.

event (i'vent) n. 1. anything that takes place, esp. something important; 2. the actual or final outcome (esp. in in the event, after the event). 3. any one contest in a program of sporting or other contests. 4. at all events or in any event. regardless of circumstances; in any case. 5. in the event of. in case of; if (such a thing) happens. 6. in the event that. if it should happen that. 7. the Tuesday, October 10, 1995 (Hol Hamoed Succot) event.

For those who came to the first Event (some 10,000 of you) eighteen months ago - we hope to see you all again. To new immigrants, wondering what all this "Event fever" is about - read on.

All that you loved last time is back again. Firstly, a bargain fun day for all the family. Where in Israel can a family of four have such an enjoyable day out for only NIS50? We've music and dance (from jazz to choirs to ballroom), community games for all ages, the children's and Olympic pools open all day, a range of sport activities with professionals, and time for all to take part, including squash, softball, rugby, American football, golf driving range, lawn bowls, cricket, tennis, volley ball, football (soccer for the uninitiated), gymnastics and more. Also kite-flying, and a police dog display.

The Country Fair, such a great success last time, is going to be even bigger, and we're planning a number of theme pavilions, with Hi-tech, Today's Woman, Alternative Health, Home and Garden, and Food Tasting slated.

We are expanding the activities for children and young people, with ponies, magicians, clowns, story tellers and face painters and a quiet area for the very little ones. Indoors, we're arranging for Scrabble, Bingo, Bridge and Chess and a toy play area is being set aside.

Other special attractions include the International Jewish Sports Hall of Fame, the "Anti-Drugs Bus", music workshops and special variety shows for all the family.

And then of course, there'll be all the reunions - folk from Philadelphia, Manchester and Johannesburg

who've settled in Beersheba, Nahariya and Ra'anana will meet for a picnic under shady trees on the Wingate lawns or, for their home town pride, in a friendly tug-of-war contest. Not forgetting surprise visits from well-known celebrities and prizes galore. Kol Yisrael will broadcast live from The Event.

For those who haven't got wheels, we're planning community buses from all over the country.

As last time was the first time we had planned such an Event, we hiccupped in a few places. So this time, there's going to be extensive and comprehensive sign posting and many more food outlets - more accessible, with minimum queuing. Last time we had one caterer; this year 12 catering companies will ensure that everyone can have their fill of their favorite fare.

Finally, this year, tickets will ONLY be sold in advance. All the immigrant organizations have tickets, and information on where you can purchase them is being publicized frequently. Please don't leave it until the last minute. Take advantage of our advance ticket offer. Phone the Event Hotline today, 09-989149, and they will send tickets by return - credit cards welcome.

OK. You have the date and the place. You've arranged to meet the friends you haven't seen for years.

You've ordered your tickets. You've bought a new bathing suit and dug out that old softball mitt (cricket bat for the others).

See you on the day!

THE EVENT is presented by: AACI, BOS, HOB, ESRA, SAZF, ZFA and THE JERUSALEM POST.

THE ARAB MINORITY IN ISRAEL: Dilemmas of Political Orientation and Social Change edited by Elie Rekhes, Journal of the Israel Oriental Society, Gustav Heinemann Institute of Middle Eastern Studies at Haifa University. 213 pp. Price not stated.

By Yosef Goell

This is another publication of the proceedings of an academic conference on issues that are subject to rapid change. But despite the fact that the situation of the Arab minority in Israel has been changing rapidly, this volume of papers delivered at a conference at Tel Aviv University's Dayan Center in June 1991 does not seem woefully dated.

Part of the reason is that some of the

Islamic Choices

contributors went to the trouble of updating their papers. Prof. Binjamin Neuberger's article on the "Arab Minority in Israeli Politics," for example, includes an analysis of the June 1992 Knesset elections. Neuberger notes that "what was achieved constituted a historic change in the political status of the Israeli Arabs and in their move from marginality to a more influential role. For the first time, the Arabs tipped the balance in favor of the dovish camp and had become part of the government formation process."

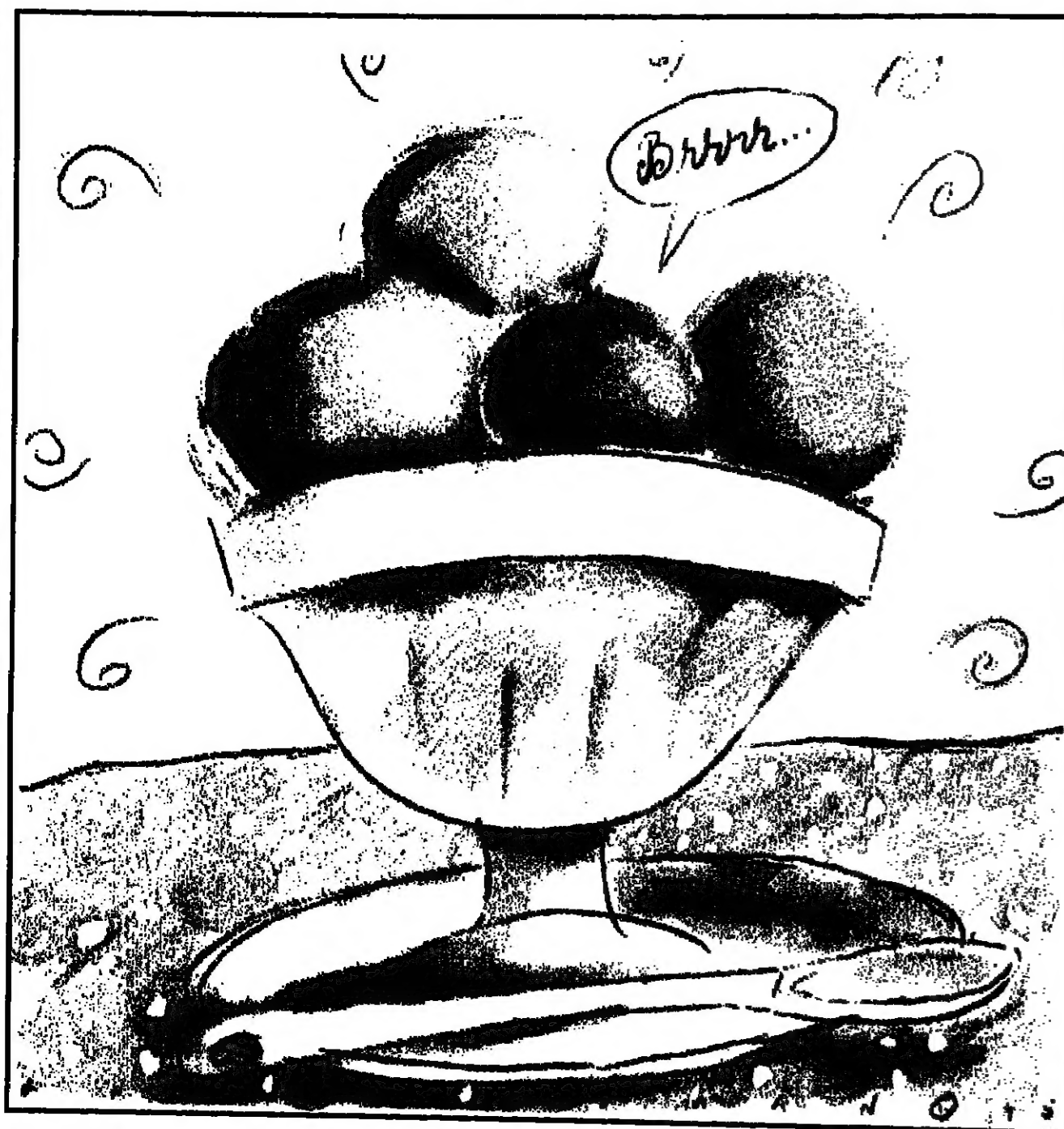
Neuberger, however, fails to emphasize that in those elections a majority of the Arab voters also voted for Zionist parties, confounding the predictions of most specialists.

Prof. William M. Brinner of the University of California at Berkeley presents a fascinating historical overview of

Islam's attitude to situations in which Moslems constitute subservient minorities in non-Moslem states, as is the case with the (predominantly Moslem) Arabs in today's Israel. Brinner notes that "throughout Islamic history, instead of dealing with the possibility - indeed the reality - of Moslems living as a minority in a non-Moslem state, the principle that Moslems should flee from *dar al-harb* to *dar al-Islam* was repeatedly enunciated if not consistently followed." Reviewing actual Moslem behavior in a large number of such modern situations, Brinner concludes that "in very few instances, if any, was the precept of fleeing from *dar al-harb* accepted as a viable alternative."

Dr. Elie Rekhes of the Dayan Center contributed a prescient article on the Islamic Movement in "Resurgent Islam in Israel." With that movement having in the

The Secret of Sorbets



Fruit-flavored ices are easy to make, and the combinations are endless.

By Daniel Rogov

Sorbets and fruit-flavored ices have been part of the human culinary repertoire for so long that no one is really sure who first discovered that dripping the fresh juice of fruits over crushed or shaved ice could be tasty and refreshing.

Modern Chinese historians say that it was their ancestors, in the eighth century BCE, who first learned how to make fruit-flavored ices. Indian historians dispute this, claiming that their ancestors were first when the Mogul emperors of India used to send relays of horsemen to bring back ice and snow from the Himalayas for their fruit-flavored sorbets.

But Jamaica's Carib Indians seem to have the oldest claim. They believe that the secret for making fruit-flavored ices was given to them directly by their god, Tano Nabo, more than 30,000 years ago.

Whatever the truth about their origin, sorbets were introduced to Europe in the mid-13th century by Marco Polo. On his return from the Far East, the Italian explorer told his countrymen how the natives would cool their palates with exotic fruits blended with ice from the snowy mountains of China and India.

Catherine de Medici's chefs brought

sorbets to France only in the 16th century. Today, one is likely to find an elaborate selection of ices and sorbets on the dessert cards of luxury restaurants throughout the world.

Unlike ice cream, which is often made with a time-consuming rich custard, ices (known in French as "granites") and sorbets are easy to make and require only the juice of fruits or berries plus a simple syrup that has been boiled for a few minutes.

As well as being easy to make, ices and sorbets provide an opportunity to display inventiveness, because one can play almost endlessly with flavors. After staples such as apples, lemons and pears, and exotic flavors like passion fruit or spices, combinations can include cantaloupe with ginger, grapefruit with Campari, honeydew with green melon liqueur, and rosemary with mint.

The flavors and colors of these desserts are virtually unlimited. Another obvious advantage, especially at the modern table, is that both ices and sorbets are far lower in calories than ice cream.

Historically there is one major difference between ices and sorbets. Whereas an ice traditionally consists of frozen fruit and syrup, a sorbet requires the addition of a stabilizer such as egg whites, cooked meringue or gelatin. But the two terms are now used interchangeably.

Making Sorbets

Ever since the first advertisement for a machine that could make ices and ice-cream desserts appeared in the *New York Gazette* on May 19, 1777, there have been two options for making these treats. In addition to the process known as "still freezing," any modern ice-cream machine can be used to make ices or sorbets. These processes produce sorbets with somewhat different textures, so I strongly recommend trying both methods before deciding which is most suitable for you.

To use an ice-cream maker, simply put the mixture in the cylinder of the machine and follow the manufacturer's instructions. Sorbets made this way can be served directly from the machine or can be covered and placed in the freezer for later use. If you serve the sorbet directly from the ice-cream maker, scoop it into glasses that have been chilled in the freezer as this will prevent them from thawing too quickly once served.

To still-freeze sorbets or ices, pour the mixture into a mold, a bowl or individual dessert dishes, and cover with a double layer of aluminum foil. Place in the freezer and, when ice crystals begin to form (after 30-45 minutes), whisk the mixture by hand or with an electric mixer. Repeat this process every half hour until the mixture is nearly frozen through. Sorbets that have been still-frozen or stored in the freezer after being made in an ice-cream maker should be transferred to the regular refrigerator compartment 10-15 minutes before serving.

A Few Hints For Perfect Sorbets

Be sure that the fruits you are going to use are perfectly ripe.

When experimenting with new combinations, add a little more sugar than seems necessary, as all foods taste less sweet when frozen. Also bear in mind that too little sugar will make sorbets freeze rock hard.

The addition of a small amount of wine (or liqueur) prevents sorbets from becoming too hard if frozen overnight.

In making citrus-based sorbets, pulverize the zest of the fruit together with the sugar to extract maximum flavor.

To give a sorbet a satin-smooth texture, add beaten egg whites toward the end of the churning process.

GRAPEFRUIT-CAMPARI SORBET

3 large pink grapefruits, about 1/2 kilo each
1 1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup Campari
1 egg white, lightly beaten

Peel the grapefruits, cutting away and discarding all of the outer white membrane. Carefully section the grapefruit, running the knife around each segment. When you are finished you should have about 3 cups of fruit and one cup of juice. Discard any seeds.

Combine the grapefruit sections and juice in a food processor or blender and blend thoroughly. Transfer the mixture to a mixing bowl.

Combine the sugar and 2 cups of water in a saucepan and bring to a boil, stirring. Simmer for about 5 minutes and let cool. Add the sugar syrup to the grapefruit mixture and mix well. Add the Campari and chill for 30 minutes.

Pour the mixture into the container of an ice-cream maker and freeze according to the manufacturer's instructions. When the mixture starts to freeze, add the egg white and continue freezing to the desired consistency. (Serves 10-12).

RASPBERRY SORBET WITH FRAMBOISE

2/3 cup + 1 Tbsp. sugar
4 cups raspberries
1 Tbsp. framboise (raspberry eau-de-vie)
1 egg white

In a medium saucepan combine 2/3 cup of the sugar with 1 cup of water. Cook over a moderate heat, stirring, until the sugar dissolves. Bring to a boil, add the raspberries and toss with the syrup. Return to a boil and then simmer for 2 minutes.

Pour the berries and syrup into a blender or food processor and puree thoroughly. Strain and discard the solids.

Stir the framboise into the raspberry liquid and refrigerate until chilled. Transfer the sorbet mixture to an ice-cream maker and freeze according to the manufacturer's instructions until the sorbet is light colored, thick and partially frozen.

Beat the egg white until soft peaks form. Gradually beat in the remaining 1 Tbsp. of sugar and continue beating until stiff peaks form. Add the beaten egg to the ice-cream maker and churn the sorbet until it freezes into a smooth, salty mass. (Serves 8-10).

STRAWBERRY AND VODKA SORBET

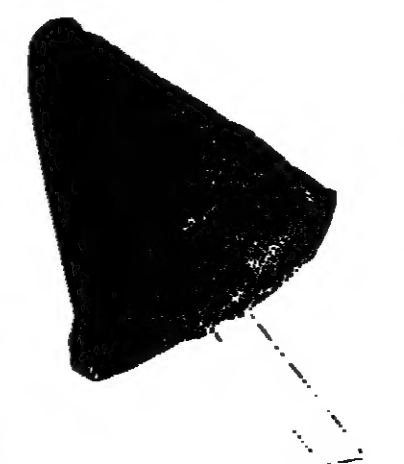
1/2 cup sugar
6 cups strawberries, halved
2 Tbsp. vodka

In a medium saucepan combine the sugar and 1 cup of water. Bring to a boil

over high heat, stirring, until the sugar dissolves. Add the berries, return to a boil and simmer for about 1 minute. Set aside to cool for about 30 minutes.

Pour the strawberry mixture into a food processor or blender and puree until smooth. Transfer to a fine-mesh sieve set over a bowl and press the berry mixture through with a wooden spoon. Refrigerate until chilled (about 30 minutes).

Stir the vodka into the chilled berry puree, pour the mixture into an ice-cream maker and freeze according to the manufacturer's instructions. (Serves 8-10).



PEACH-VANILLA SORBET

3/4 cup sugar
1 kilo very ripe peaches
1 tsp. vanilla extract

In a medium saucepan combine the sugar and 1 cup of water. Bring to a boil, stirring until the sugar dissolves. Set aside to cool.

Drop the peaches, a few at a time, into a large pot of boiling water and blanch for 30 seconds. Remove with a slotted spoon and peel off the skins. Cut the peaches into eighths and discard the pits.

Place the peach sections in the sugar syrup, return to a boil and simmer until just tender (4-5 minutes). Remove from the heat and let the peaches cool to room temperature in the syrup. Stir in the vanilla.

In a food processor or blender, puree the peaches and syrup until smooth. Refrigerate, covered, until chilled (about 30 minutes). Scrape the mixture into an ice-cream maker and freeze according to the manufacturer's instructions. (Serves 4-6).

GIN AND TONIC SORBET

1 perfect lime
1/2 cup sugar
1/3 cup gin
2 1/4 cups tonic water

Place the lime in a colander and pour over about 1 cup of boiling water to remove any wax or spray. Pat dry. Remove the zest with a vegetable peeler, making sure to scrape off and discard any white pith that clings. Mince the zest (you should have about 2 tsp.). Squeeze out 1 Tbsp. of juice from the lime and reserve.

Place the zest and sugar in a small bowl and using a wooden spoon crush them until well combined. Set aside for 30 minutes.

Transfer the sugar to a deep bowl. Stir in the gin and reserved lime juice, slowly pour in the tonic water and stir until the sugar is dissolved.

Refrigerate, covered, until chilled (about 30 minutes). Strain, pour the mixture into an ice-cream maker and freeze according to the manufacturer's instructions. (Serves 4-6).

PEAR AND PASSION-FRUIT ICE

1 kilo very ripe pears
2 Tbsp. freshly squeezed lemon juice
1 cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla extract
1/4 cup passion-fruit syrup

Cut the pears into quarters or eighths.

Cut away and discard the cores, stems and peels. The total weight of the trimmed pears should be about 675 gr. Add the lemon juice and stir well to prevent discoloration.

Put the sugar, 2 cups of water and vanilla extract into a saucepan and bring to a boil, stirring, until the sugar is dissolved.

Add the pears and bring to a boil. Let cook for 5 minutes.

Drain, reserving the pears and cooking liquid separately. Let cool.

Put the pears in a food processor or blender and blend well. Put the mixture in a mixing bowl, add the reserved cooking liquids and passion-fruit syrup and blend well. Chill thoroughly. Pour the mixture into an ice-cream maker and freeze according to the manufacturer's instructions. (Serves 8-10).

ROSEMARY AND MINT ICE

1 cup sugar
2 Tbsp. fresh or dried rosemary leaves
2 Tbsp. lemon juice
1 Tbsp. creme de menthe

Combine the sugar with 3 cups of water in a saucepan and let simmer for 3 minutes. Turn off the heat, add the rosemary and stir. Cover tightly and let stand for 15 minutes.

Line a bowl with a sieve and line the sieve with cheesecloth.

Strain the liquid and discard the solids. Let the liquid stand until cool. Add the lemon juice and creme de menthe and chill thoroughly. Pour the mixture into an ice-cream maker and freeze according to the manufacturer's instructions. (Serves 6-8).



CANTALOUPE AND GINGER SORBET

2 ripe cantaloupes (or other) melons (about 2 kilos)
2 Tbsp. freshly squeezed lemon juice
1 cup sugar
2 Tbsp. finely chopped bottled ginger in syrup
2 Tbsp. ginger syrup from the bottled ginger
1 Tbsp. finely chopped or grated fresh ginger
2 egg whites, lightly beaten

Cut the melons into eighths, scrape away and discard the seeds and inner fibers. Cut away and discard the outer rind. There should be about 1 kilo of flesh. Cut the flesh into small pieces, put them in a bowl, pour over the lemon juice and toss.

Combine the sugar with 2 cups of water in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Let simmer for 5 minutes, add the cantaloupe pieces, bring to the boil again and then let simmer for 2 minutes. Strain, reserving the cantaloupe pieces and cooking liquids separately. Let cool.

Put the cantaloupe pieces in a food processor or blender, add the chopped ginger, ginger syrup and fresh ginger. Blend well, and transfer the mixture to a mixing

bowl. Add the reserved cooking liquids and mix well. Chill well.

Pour half the mixture into the ice-cream maker and freeze according to the manufacturer's instructions. When the mixture starts to freeze, add one egg white and continue freezing to the desired consistency. Repeat with the remaining mixture and remaining egg white. (Serves 10-12).

CINNAMON SORBET

2 cups sugar
1/2 tsp. oil of cinnamon
1 1/4 cups pine nuts, toasted and chopped

Combine the sugar with 8 cups of water in a saucepan and boil until a light syrup is formed (about 5 minutes). Chill until cool and then stir in the oil of cinnamon. Pour into a 1-liter mold and cover with a double layer of aluminum foil. Place in the freezer.

Every half hour for 4 hours beat the mixture well by hand or with an electric mixer. If the sorbet takes longer than 4 hours to set fully, continue mixing every half hour after that as well.

With the last beating (just before the mixture is frozen solid) fold in the nuts. Let freeze thoroughly and then remove to the fridge 15 minutes before serving. (Serves 6-8).

ORANGE SORBET WITH BLACKBERRY SAUCE

1 1/2 tsp. gelatin
1/2 cup sweet cream
2 cups orange juice
1 cup sugar
4 eggs, separated
1 tsp. orange rind, grated
2 Tbsp. Gran Torres or Grand Marnier liqueur
1 cup highest quality blackberry jam
In a small cup, mix the gelatin with 1/2 cup cold water.

In a saucepan combine the sweet cream and 1/4 cup of the orange juice. To this add the gelatin and heat, stirring constantly until the gelatin is dissolved. Let cool.

In a mixing bowl beat together all but 1/2 tsp. of the sugar, the egg yolks and the orange rind. Gradually add the gelatin mixture and then the remaining orange juice and 1 Tbsp. of the orange liqueur. Beat the egg whites together with 1/2 tsp. of sugar until stiff but not dry and fold into these the mixture with the liqueurs.

Transfer the mixture to a freezing tray and place in the freezer until on the verge of freezing. Remove, stir well, transfer to 6 individual dessert glasses, return to the freezer and freeze solid.

Make the sauce by mixing together the jam with the remaining liqueur and heating through, stirring, until the mixture is uniform. To serve remove the sorbet from the freezer 15 minutes before serving and spoon over the blackberry sauce. (Serves 6).



MATTERS OF TASTE

HAIM SHAPIRO

I'm not exactly a flag-waving type, but every year around July 4, I do get a certain urge for a real American hamburger.

I'm not talking about the wet cardboard creations served up by the so-called fast-food places. I'm talking about a real hamburger like the kind you might have grilled in the backyard many years ago.

To relive a few of those lost moments of youth in the *goldene medine*, I took the youngest of my companions for lunch at Norman's. The restaurant interior and the large garden are decorated in an eclectic Moosewood style and even the waiter and waitress have a sort of '60s look about them.

The menu, on the other hand, is straight out of the '50s. True, there is a token respect paid to the vegetarians or those who might be concerned about consuming large quantities of cholesterol, but the main part of the menu is devoted to red meat, hamburgers and steaks.

The hamburgers come in three sizes; big, bigger and obscene. The two of us ordered the smallest of the lot, a mere 250 grams of solid meat. They arrived on large platters, complete with salad, baked potato and the sauce of our choice. The burgers themselves were presented on half a bun and topped with sliced onion and tomato. Only the most foolhardy of a diner would actually try to eat such a hamburger as a sandwich, complete with the onion and tomato, as well as the accompanying sauce, but that is exactly what we did.

My own burger was ordered medium, thus assuring that it was actually cooked all the way through, and yet retained a certain degree of juiciness. It took only one bite to ascertain that this is one restaurant that understands that what makes a good hamburger is good ground beef, and nothing else. The accompanying mushroom sauce was made with fresh cooked mushrooms and onions.

My companion's hamburger was ordered well done. When I tasted it, after he confessed that he could not possibly finish it, I found that the slightly charred quality was actually quite pleasant, and the garlic sauce which he had ordered with it complemented the meat very well.

There were actually two kinds of salad, a conventional mixed vegetable salad, with lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers and grated carrots, and a crunchy fresh coleslaw. I tried the cucumber dressing, a creamy, tart sauce that tasted a touch too much of mayonnaise to my liking. My companion did not like the vinaigrette, a simple sauce of oil, vinegar and herbs.

We would have liked to have tried the desserts, but it was an utter impossibility. Since we had come at lunchtime, when our hamburger platters were offered at a special price, the bill for the two of us came to NIS 26, including soft drinks. I have ended up paying more than that at some of the fast-food joints.

Arturo Plus

By Meir Ronnen

The Israel Museum's 30th anniversary schedule has, after all, included a large show of contemporary Israeli art. But the kudos is entirely due to Arturo Schwartz of Milan, who, over just the last two years, has bought for the museum all the 30 items on view. In this he was aided by Israeli art curator Yigal Zalmona, who pointed to what he held were various gaps in the museum's collection. While the choices are Schwartz's own, much of the collection looks like all the other shows mounted under Zalmona's stewardship over the last decade.

Born in Alexandria in 1924 and long based in Italy, the peripatetic Schwartz is one of the world's best-known curators, dealers, authors and lecturers in the field of modern art; he has written the definitive monographs on Marcel Duchamp, Andre Breton and Man Ray and compiled a chronology and bibliography of all the Dada periodicals. An international publisher and an early friend of Breton's, he is known as a surrealist poet; and also as a scholar of such diverse matters as Kabbala, Alchemy and Tantra.

He also clearly has an eye. Just about everything in this nicely eclectic show (painting and works on paper are accompanied by sculptures and installations of a cerebral nature) is among the artist's best work.

However this is not to say that all the exhibits are good or more than of superficial interest. Many pieces are merely trivial or gimmicky.

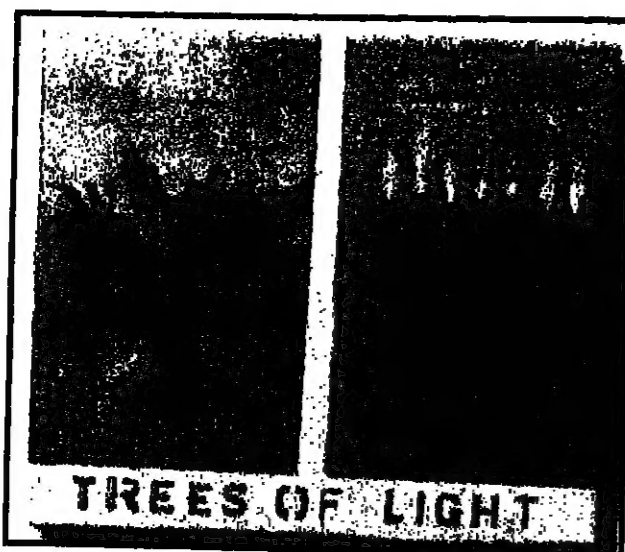
Outstanding, however, is a large monochrome canvas by Moshe Kupferman containing painterly configurations of amazing, non-perspective depth. Your eye goes right through the wall. It was this painting that riveted Schwartz and led to his decision to assemble a collection of Israeli works.

But the Kupferman is a hard act to follow. There's an appealing gestural abstraction by Lea Nikel that got a bit out of hand; and a lively and clever action painting by young Miriam Cabessa, made with a broom and industrial paint on board; it's the only work in the show that looks truly different. A lot of the rest is over-familiar or merely ho-hum. It's hard to believe that the museum needs more works by Michael Na'aman, Menashe Kadishman or Ido Bar-El, to name only a few.

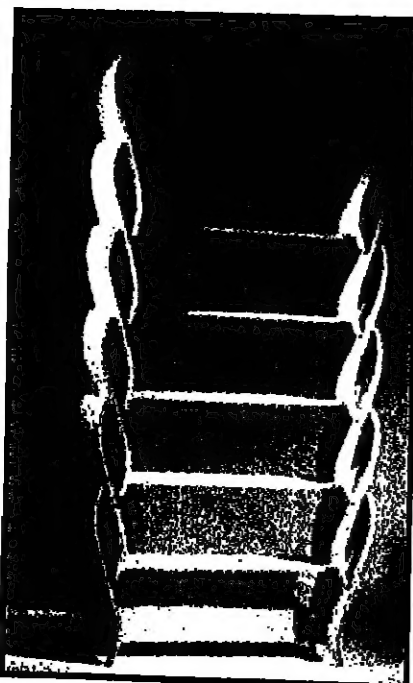
One must give an A for effort to the clever and beautifully finished three-dimensional permutations of Osvaldo Romberg and Micha Ullman.

The noise level from Philip Rantzer's self-indulgent floor assemblage is unbearable. And a booby prize goes to Joshua Neustein for his deliberately flamboyant arrangement of a large painted map overlaid by pieces of topographic glass, the whole surmounted by a huge - and quite magnificent - chandelier. The New York-domiciled Neustein is an often clever artist; a pity he has been reduced to such attention-grabbing. The others on view include the late Mordecai Ardon (an impressive but typical oil from 1942), Larry Abramson, Avigdor Arikha, Assad Azil, Dganit Berest, Joshua Borkovsky, Pinhas Cohen Gan, Nurit David, Michael Druks, Belu-Simion Fainaru, Tamar Getter, Michael Gross, Zvika Kantor, Gaby Klammer, Ofer Lelouch, Yehudit Laviv, Sigal Primor, the late Henry Shalem and Igal Timarkin. (Ayala Zacks Abramov Pavilion for Israeli Art.)

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Michael Na'aman: 'Trees of Light,' (Israel Museum)



Eran Shalkine: from the Pools series (Jerusalem Artists House)



Frida Shlmon: mixed-media assemblage (Jerusalem Artists House)

NEXT DOOR in the design pavilion is an extensive display of furniture and some smaller items by Paris-based designer Martin Szekely. Like many of his ilk, Szekely seems convinced that furniture is primarily sculpture and its design high art. He talks a lot about seductiveness but I have never seen a less-seductive-looking lot as this one. The couches and chairs all signal discomfort and even danger; the circular seating of the couches seems ideal only for the conservation of loose change.

Some of the items are variants on Italian ideas - and such classic time-tested folk designs as the Spanish milking stool, but without any of the latter's practical elegance.

Szekely, born into a family of sculptors in Paris in 1956, is a trained cabinet maker with a tremendous international reputation who executes commissions through a Paris/New York gallery. He has also designed some neat briefcases, practical tennis competition seating and an Olympic-style dais, outdoor benches and chichi street lighting; and among his industrial designs, ingenious movable ceramic rims for fruit plates. This show, no doubt also a commercial push, has been made possible by the French Friends of the Israel Museum.

Perhaps it's all a matter of taste. For my part, I wouldn't take any of his furniture, figuratively speaking, as a gift. (Palevsky Design Pavilion, Israel Museum.)

THE SELECTION of photo reportage by Tim Gidal, dating from the 1920s and previewed in these columns recently, is fascinating. One is riveted by his candid portraits of Anna Freud, Gandhi, Jung and Gide and of course his famous shot of a scruffy but

maniacally animated Hitler, sitting with businessmen in an outdoor cafe four years before he came to power and was surrounded by more bodyguards than he had on this occasion. Gidal also captured the idealism of kibbutz pioneers and the chumminess of Enur Abdullah. And is that grinning little urchin survivor of Buchenwald really Chief Rabbi Lau? There's an illustrated catalog too. Don't miss. (Cummings Pavilion, Israel Museum.)

"POOLS," paintings and a few iron sculptures by Eran Shalkine (b. Israel, 1962) at the Jerusalem Artists House, are all about ritual baths and somewhat superficially follow in the footsteps of Anselm Kiefer's depictions of Valhalla. Nebulous masses of arty surfaces provide the background for wispy linear architectural narratives of crumbling relics of the past. While each work is different, they are all essentially exactly the same and don't tell us anything new about composition, harmony or the art of painting. According to Smadar Sheffi, the *Ha'aretz* critic who has intemperately written the text to the color catalog, the buzzword is "poetic." Shalkine studied in Tel Aviv and at L'ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, then worked for six years in New York. He returned here in 1993.

IN THE adjoining rooms, Frida Shlmon (b. Germany, 1948, here since 1949) shows what used to be called personal mythology, in this case a large number of fancifully shaped cabinets filled with an assemblage of paintings, photographs, dolls and doll parts, tufts of hair, beadwork et al. The approach is far from original but Shlmon is a dab hand and often manages

to reach out and touch you, no mean feat. Particularly moving is the rendering of her father, based on a raffish old photograph. Weakest is her walk-in cabinet, where the large (self?) portraits of women in satirical-devotional poses are rendered in merely literal terms.

UP IN the mezzanine gallery, moments in the daily lives of ultra-Orthodox women, girls and girl-children are caught in literal paintings (done from street photographs); some of them with serial gimmicks, by Naomi Tannhauser-Kedar (b. US, here since 1961), who presents them under the sardonic title "Girls, Girls, Girls." Kedar emphasizes not only the married women's thickest bodies and heavy androgynous faces, but their essential feminine characteristics, setting up an instant dichotomy. While her subjects are of more interest than her merely efficient, low-key paintings, a certain painful honesty lends weight to the exhibit. Kedar graduated from the Bezalel Academy (graphic art) and is now a teacher (Israel Museum, Emunah College) and the coordinator of Anlea, a Jerusalem gallery devoted to women artists and women's issues.

DOWN IN the entrance gallery, industrial design by Ofer Zick (b. Israel, 1966) who was trained in and now teaches at a Holon technical college, runs the gamut from garish fruit dishes to a patented foot support. Like all designers, Zick wants to be different, but I wouldn't buy any of his sculptural objects or products, not even his conservative turned-metal salt cellars. But this is just my subjective taste. Others may find this show attractive. (Jerusalem Artists House.) Till July 7.

Tutt's Syndrome

'A good name is better than precious ointment.' (Ecclesiastes)

By Alex Berlyne

Thomas Campbell, the poet, is long-forgotten despite the fact that some of his well-crafted phrases - "distance lends enchantment," "a heart of stone," "do or die," "held his breath" - are now part of the language. Nowadays my breath comes in short pants but, before I was considered old enough to wear long trousers in that power England that was still to all intents and purposes Edwardian, Campbell's "Hohenlinden" and "Ye Mariners of England" were included in every school anthology. Nevertheless, I mainly remember him for a single couplet:

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

This was clearly a reference to a name that held us all in thrall. On Manchester's Oxford Street, not far from the school, a sign 20 meters long proudly proclaimed "Wadsworth's Organ Works."

Recently, the Guardian's "Smallwood" column referred to "one of the nation's most famous advertisements," a sign near Wigan's station that declared "Uncle Joe's Mint Balls Leave You All Aglow." I'm sorry, Smallwood, who ever you are, but when Gerald Wilkinson, a classmate whose berth-place was Wigan Pier, tried to place this patently commercial name in the same category as the all too flesh-and-blood Wadsworth, we invited him to perform some impossible anatomical contortions - or words to that effect.

The only support Wilkinson received was from some misguided members of the Young Communist League who thought it referred to Josef Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, otherwise known as Stalin or, more popularly, as Uncle Joe - a man only the YCL considered to be endowed with what we would nowadays call charisma.

ONE RESULT of admiring Wadsworth's prowess during my Third-Formative years was what Prof. Norman Tutt and his colleagues at Lancaster University call the Unintended Consequences Syndrome for I became hypersensitive to names in various musical contexts. This condition has lasted the rest of my life apart from a comparatively brief period when I was beginning to believe it was in remission. Unfortunately, any hope of a permanent cure died in Sligo, Ireland, many years ago during the Yeats Festival.

I should have been concentrating on the proceedings but I was completely distracted by the work of another poet whom my informants, a firm of solicitors and notary public, could only identify as "a person whom we believe to be named R.J. Bradley." I had been so impressed with their shingle that, in explanation, they kindly supplied me with a copy of his verses that run, in part:

They talk of Gill and Bulben
Of Yeats and Knockaree
But of all the sights of Sligo Town
The funniest to me -

I saw beside the Courthouse
Across the climbing street,
A notice on a window
That made me halt my feet.

"Argue & Philbbs" the notice read,
"Solicitors" was added,
(If Dickens had used two such names
We'd say his prose was "padded").



Were ever men so aptly named
To follow in that calling?
But which, I wonder, told the "fits"
And which one did the "stalling"?

This compares favorably with Lawless and Lynch, attorneys, of Jamaica, New York. It certainly beats anything in Britain's Law List, including Slaughter & May, the first firm I'd call on if I'd been nicked on suspicion of murder - simply because the name alone might persuade the police that it was anything but an open-and-shut case. If, on the other hand, I needed a brief because Scotland Yard was showing undue interest in the patch of wet cement on my cellar floor, I'd have no hesitation in calling on Skelton & Rust.

JUST THE mention of a few of these apt names in a column opened the flood gates and for the next few years, until I called a "temporary" halt to the Name Game in 1983, I was inundated with contributions from readers. In one way, it was an ideal situation: you did the work and I collected the fee. On the other hand, I often opened a letter, anticipating the Ultimate Aptonym, to find yet another reference to the Archbishop of Manila, Cardinal Sin.

Every columnist who incautiously introduces the Name Game risks opening this Pandora's Box. From the Sixties onwards, for example, the *San Francisco Times's* legendary Herb Caen printed "thousands, maybe millions of aponyms" and was frequently reduced to begging his readers to stop sending him "repeats" such as Shirley Nice, a popular favorite because she taught a class at UC Extension on how to treat people with tact and skill.

Jonathan Swift understood Herb's problem:

All human race would fain be wits
And millions miss for one that hits.
While our own Name Game was always tucked away in some obscure corner of the

Friday Magazine, other periodicals such as the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* print it on the front page. In the *Journal*, in fact, it often occupies what they perversely call "The Middle Column." Can someone explain why the financial whiz-kids who determine the destiny of the *Journal* chose this title when the page has six symmetrical columns?

What seems to be an inability to handle simple arithmetic is just as odd as the sort of story chosen to occupy this prime piece of Page One real estate. Apart from the Name Game, recent Middle Columns include, for example, an article on beer-drinking pigs, a mathematics professor who proposes in dead earnest that we blow up the moon and Ron Winslow's unforgettable "The Radium Water Worked Fine Until His Jaw Came Off."

RECENTLY, I discovered a file full of readers' contributions to the Name Game which had been buried among a pile of old magazines:

There's a blush for won't and a blush for shan't.

And a blush for having done it,
as Keats once explained but, believe me, there's nothing as embarrassing as not having done it for 12 long years and, in fact, having completely forgotten its existence. Fortunately, they were in good condition and I didn't have to call on the services of a brain surgeon to open them or a restoration expert to unfold their contents, as Yigael Yadin once told me he had been obliged to do in the case of the Bar-Kochba letters.

Now there's a funny thing. A disproportionately large number of the names submitted were of physicians and dentists and such. Some were sent in by doctors who recalled colleagues with unusual names or had come across others in medical literature. Many, however, were from laymen

and I can only surmise that this is somehow connected with the Jewish propensity for demanding a second opinion - which automatically introduces them to twice as many medical practitioners as non-Jews.

JUST A sampling will suffice, for the time being.

Dr. L.O. Jackson, of Netanya, recalled the name of a colleague who had worked at the same hospital in London's East End - a consultant gynecologist called Miss Kerridge.

David Wine, of Motza Illit, drew my attention to a chiropractor called Dr. Spine and Samuel H. Abramson, of New York, waxed lyrical about a local psychiatrist called Dr. Angst.

Mrs. G. Wohl of Petah Tikva, who had just returned from London, had spotted a dental surgeon in Golders Green Road called Dr. T.M. Payne. Our own Dr. Harold Dresner, who practises dental surgery in Rehovot, found richer, er, pickings in Newcastle which boasted a dentist called Savage and a general practitioner called Dr. Basham.

In his student days, he added, he had a lady lecturer by the name of Klity Malan who was very resentful when changes were introduced in the timetable by the departmental head. "Due to Dr. Raper's activities," she told the class, "my periods have been stopped."

I wonder if he is related to the R.F. Raper we used to admire in the London telephone directory because his address was 1, Sabine Road, Battersea?

Manfred Vanson, of Jerusalem, who had been perusing the Queen's New Year's Honours' List - well, you never know, do you? - noted an MBE awarded "for services to the mentally handicapped in Gloucestershire" to a Mr. Nutter.

This, even though it was as politically incorrect as you can get nowadays, was considerably less alarming than a name contributed by Joe Gould. "In Netanya," he wrote, "you can see the plate of Dr. Fatale."

Rounding out this roll call was a contribution from Gordon Orr, of Kibbutz Beit Ha'emek. "Among the volunteers here at the moment are John Gore and Jeanette Blood," he noted. "Miss Blood, an Australian, is a nurse by profession and claims to have trained in a hospital together with a Dr. Surgeon and a Nurse Nightingale."

ANOTHER SELECTION, more carefully categorized, will be published shortly. Obviously we have to raise our sights for, even though they are as preposterous as you could wish for, many of the contributions listed above are not really aponyms at all.

Some of them, in fact, are so hopelessly unsuitable that they could perhaps be called inaponyms.

Well, it's obvious, isn't it? There is quite enough primordial horror associated with dentists' drills without submitting to the attentions of someone with the quite inappropriate name of Savage or Payne. What do they use? Chain-saws? Mechanical excavators?

My idea of reassuring, euphonious names are sobriquets such as Capability Brown, Stonewall Jackson or The Admirable Crichton. The most unforgettable, as far as I am concerned, once cropped up in 1948's *The Paleface*, Bob Hope's most successful movie. He played a dentist called Painless Potter.

WILL PREJUDICE